The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1931 No. 3450

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 169
EDITORIALS:
Prussia's Good Sense Victorious 172
Disarmament Both Hot and Cold 173
Our Police Failure 173
A Mental Moratorium 174
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. IX. HOOVER THE POLITICIAN. By Paul Y. Anderson 175
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION . . . By Hendrik Willem van Loon .. 177
RUSSIA'S RACE AGAINST TIME. By Louis Fischer 178
ARE MILITARISTS FEEBLE-MINDED? By Edward Alsworth Ross 181
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 183
CORRESPONDENCE 183
BOOKS AND FILMS:
Song. By Evan Shipman 186
Mr. Huxley Settles Down. By Henry Hazlitt 186
The Enemy's Secret Code. By C. Hartley Grattan 186
Music in America. By Ray C. B. Brown 187
Tully Rounds It Out. By Fred T. Marsh 188
Man Makes a World. By George E. G. Catlin 188
The Autobiography of a State. By Eda Lou Walton 189
Southern Labor's Challenge. By Louis Stanley 189
Changing Japan. By Younghill Kang 190
Books in Brief 191
Films: Out of Their Own Mouths. By Alexander Bakshy 192
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Youth at the Gateway of India. By J. R. Glorney Bolton 193
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 194

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor
Associate Editors
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
Dramatic Editor Literary Editor
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH HENRY HAZLITT
Contributing Editors
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

HAS WILLIAM GREEN changed his color and become Red? The question inevitably suggests itself after reading the remarks of the head of the ultra-conservative Federation of Labor to the Massachusetts branch assembled in its forty-sixth convention, in which Mr. Green demanded that President Hoover either call at once a conference of economists to remedy employment conditions or to admit that "the present economic structure of the country is an absolute failure." More than that, he warned his hearers that "there will be a rebellion of the army of unemployed which will upset our present political system unless industry and government cooperate with labor." We submit that this is playing with fire, that this is putting the most dangerous kind of suggestions into the minds of the masses, that these words will be retailed eagerly all over the United States by every red of whatever hue. In our alarm we solemnly call upon the Daughters of the American Revolution and upon Matthew Woll and Ralph M. Easley, proprietors of the Civic Federation, to do something about it right off, and to rebuke Mr. Green properly for his incredible recklessness and irresponsibility and his disloyalty in threatening the President of the United States. Since Mr. Woll is vice-president of the Federation of Labor he ought to feel especially shocked by this wicked apostasy of his lifelong associate. For ourselves, we hope that this was a momentary slip due to the great heat. If not, and if Mr. Green has really taken to preaching rebellion and revolt, then, indeed, does treason stalk abroad in the land. Indeed, we have no doubt that it was the news of Mr. Green's utterances that induced 400 women and children to march upon Philippi—*absit omen!*—West Virginia, carrying banners reading "Children are hungry, must be fed" and demanding the release of 33 members of the United Mine Workers of America who are in jail for violating a judicial injunction while their wives and children starve.

SENATOR JAMES COUZENS is another traitor. He has again made a public speech that times are not going to be any better, but much worse next winter, and has demanded that the President call Congress in session not later than October 1, so that it may immediately pass moneys for a federal relief to the unemployed. Now Senator Couzens is obviously no parlor pink, nor editor of a liberal weekly, nor a down-and-out, since he is one of our great millionaires. Perhaps it is the fact that he has espoused the platform of the wicked *Nation* that induced President Hoover to send in hot haste for Julius H. Barnes and Silas Strawn, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, to discuss the unemployment situation with them and to take steps to head off any possible action by Congress. Mr. Strawn sees the danger clearly. He declared on leaving the White House "that the fear of dole legislation was very real, and that unless some concrete plan was ready before December, when the next regular session of Congress opens, there would be demands for 'more socialistic legislation of one kind or another than was ever conceived of in England or Germany'" —thus runs a dispatch in the New York *Times*. We submit that the first step to take is to get rid of men like William Green and Senator Couzens, and to lock them up somewhere to end their unpatriotic and dangerous talk, and the next thing is to prepare legislation at once which will show us how and when a dole can be not a dole. Last week Mr. Hoover was sure that a "coordination relief policy" under the lead of the United States Government was all that was required; now, it is a heading-off policy which we seem to require.

FROM THE STANDPOINT of the Fish committee and all our other anti-Soviet alarmists, our detailed foreign-trade figures must continue to be a source of painful embarrassment. In June of this year, for example, our exports to Soviet Russia in Europe amounted in value to $12,600,000, an increase of 43 per cent over our exports to Russia in June a year ago. This was not only the largest increase in our exports to any nation, if we except that in our exports to China; it was the *only* increase in exports to any of the leading nations. It compared with a decrease of 36 per cent in our total exports in the same month. Incidentally, our exports to Russia in June were higher, probably for the first time on record, than our exports to Germany; they were exceeded only by those to Canada and to Great Britain. All this in spite of the fact that our State Depart-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, in a time when our foreign trade is at the lowest level in years, has done everything possible to alienate Russian trade and drive it to other countries. What about Russian imports—always referred to in Washington as Bolshevik "dumping"—about which there has been such a terrific alarm and hullabaloo? They amounted, in June of this year, to $1,400,000, little more than half of their total in June a year ago, only about one-ninth as large as our sales to Russia, and lower than the imports from any one of twenty-two other countries.

THE DEVELOPMENTS in the first few days after the reopening of the German banks proved to be more reassuring than most informed observers had had the courage to hope for. Instead of the "run" that was feared, there was an excess of deposits over withdrawals. This evidence of confidence in itself acted to create more confidence, and the failure of the Prussian referendum removed still another cause of concern. But the immediate German financial situation is far from a solution. Foreign-exchange operations are subject to restrictions on all sides, the problem of the Boerse and of the savings banks has not been solved, and industrial and commercial failures can only follow if the discount rate is long maintained at its present appallingly high level. It is to be hoped that the next development will be a slight lowering of this. Meanwhile the Wiggin committee has begun its study of the German financial situation. In England the break of sterling exchange immediately after the announcement of the $250,000,000 credit from the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York was disquieting; its cause is still a mystery to most European and American bankers, and it seems likely that the situation was in some way mishandled. Apparently the British Treasury imagined that no part of the new credit would have to be used. This was not in itself an extravagant hope, but it is customary, when stabilizing credits of this type are arranged, for the authorities to stand ready to buy all exchange offers at some fixed rate definitely above the gold point, and the Bank of England apparently was slow in making this arrangement.

IN ITS REPORT on official lawlessness the Wickersham Commission has seen fit to suppress that section dealing with the Mooney-Billings case. It was explained by the commissioners that certain legal technicalities prevented them from publicly discussing the case. For example, "this Commission," they said, "was not appointed to sit in review upon the judgment of the courts of any State." This may justify the Commission's action, but is it not true that almost all official lawlessness can be justified by one legal quibble or another? Moreover, we are curious to know why, if its position is correct, the Commission appended a special account of the Mooney-Billings case to its general report in sending the latter document to the White House. Why did this report emerge from the White House, not from the Wickersham Commission, with the special account deleted? No hesitancy in condemning other kinds of official lawlessness is shown in the report. It states unblinkingly that "the third degree is widely and brutally employed in New York City," and offers substantial evidence in support of this sweeping assertion. Moreover, the Commission's investigators found that foreign-born, Communists, Negroes, and similar groups were the chief sufferers from the police tortures, and not the professional criminals as is popularly supposed. Chicago's record in this respect was found to be even worse than that of New York. The correction of this evil would do much more to curb radicalism than could possibly be accomplished by the deportation of all the alien radicals in the United States.

ONLY 97,139 IMMIGRANT ALIENS were admitted to the United States during the last fiscal year, which ended June 30—the lowest number since the Civil War, and a falling off of 144,561. This decrease was not all, of course, due to the bad times abroad, but in large measure to the extra-legal functions exercised by our consular officers abroad, under the direction of President Hoover, in withholding visas from persons who were in every way eligible to enter under the existing law, but were denied because the President did not wish to add to American unemployment —another vicious example of the Executive's interpreting and modifying statutes to suit his own taste. The decrease in immigration may be measured by the fact that in 1924, 706,896 aliens were admitted. Moreover, 61,882 immigrant aliens left the country to return to their native land, so that the net increase was only 35,257, a small enough figure surely to satisfy the most ardent nationalists and the most eager believers in the theory that all our troubles will be ended, and every citizen be happy, content, and 100 per cent satisfied with the United States if only foreign immigration is shut off. Deportations, too, reached a high-water mark, 18,142 aliens having been returned, an increase of 1,511 over the previous year. It is gratifying to note that the Wickersham Commission has demanded that Congress set up an independent court in which all charges made by the Immigration Bureau against aliens shall be impartially heard and determined. Of course it is an outrage that the Immigration Bureau officials should be investigators, prosecutors, judges, and a final court of appeals in deportation cases, and take their orders from men of the type of William N. Doak.

THREE NEGROES HAD TO DIE before Chicago awakened to the fact that we are in the midst of a grave crisis. Last spring a member of *The Nation* staff visited that city and found its officials and civic leaders wholly indifferent to the seriousness of the unemployment problem. They continued to treat the situation lightly until the restlessness among the unemployed resulted in a riot among the Negroes on the South Side. These people had banded together to put a stop to the eviction from their homes of many families who no longer can pay rent. They were met by a riot squad of police who, according to eyewitnesses, opened fire upon the crowd without warning or cause. Three men fell dead. Immediately the city was aroused. Mayor Cermak hastened home from his vacation. He called upon Governor Emmerson to have the State militia ready for further trouble. His police department blamed the Communists and threatened to arrest all known radical leaders in the city in the event of renewed rioting. Fifteen hundred policemen were sent into the Negro district. But apparently the three men did not die in vain. Mayor Cermak has demanded that the evictions cease. The newspapers have dropped their usually calloused attitude, and are asking that something be done for the unemployed. Reading between the lines of their editorials one notes a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fear, as the Federated Press put it, "that white workers will react as the Negroes have." Pressure from various conservative quarters is being brought to bear on the city administration, and as a result there is now some hope that the municipality will adopt a dole system for the coming winter.

THAT ACADEMIC FREEDOM at Ohio State University "has been destroyed" by the dismissal of Professor Herbert A. Miller is the conclusion of a committee appointed by the American Association of University Professors to investigate the dismissal. The committee's report completely vindicates Professor Miller of the charges brought against him by the university's board of trustees. But the report does not stop there. It goes on to declare that the attitude of the trustees in this case "is directly opposed to sound public policy, to good educational practice, and to long-established university ideals." Until the trustees correct their attitude, the report continues, they "cannot assert that freedom of speech prevails at Ohio State University." Lastly, the committee calls for the reinstatement of Professor Miller as a token of good faith on the part of the university authorities. We hope that until this is done members of the Association of University Professors will refrain from accepting appointments at Ohio State.

ENCOURAGING NEWS has come to us from Haiti. According to the United Press, an agreement has been reached whereby three of the government departments now under American control are on October 1 to be turned over to Haitian officials. This suggests that Washington is moving more rapidly toward complete withdrawal than had earlier been indicated. The three departments involved are the public-works office, the department of agriculture and industrial education, and the sanitary service. A few Americans are to be retained, but they will stay on only in an advisory capacity. After October 1 Americans will still be in charge of the finance and customs offices, and of the native police. Another satisfying feature of the new agreement is the section abrogating the accord of August, 1918, under which the Haitian Government had obligated itself to communicate all projected laws bearing on the 1916 treaty to the American commissioner before they could be presented to the legislature. Other important changes in Haitian-American relations of a like nature were incorporated in the agreement, while a promise was made that the question of the control of the native police, now under the command of the United States marines, would be taken up in the near future.

THOSE WHO HAVE FEARED that the Spanish Republic is now only in the "Kerensky stage" of its revolution may not be entirely wrong. There has been a constant drift toward the left ever since Alfonso packed up and hastily departed his fatherland. This tendency has been apparent among the people for some time, but lately it has become equally noticeable among the political leaders. The parliamentary commission which is writing the new constitution has decided, for example, to ask the Cortes to expel all religious orders and to confiscate all church property. Urged on by the Radical Socialist minority in the Cortes, the commission is preparing a bill to accomplish this purpose. As the church is the largest single property-owner in the country, it would be a simple step from the confiscation of its wealth to the sequestration of the wealth of other large property-owners. Revolutions in countries that have no effectively organized and disciplined moderate parties usually move that way. Meanwhile there is talk of a split in the present coalition government, the economic situation worsens, the peseta continues to fall, and strikes and strike disorders continue to spread. The immediate future of republicanism in Spain appears none too bright.

FORTY THOUSAND WORKERS' HOUSES are to be built in a year under the provision of the British Government Housing Act, which became a law on July 29. The houses are designed for agricultural laborers and are to be rented at a rate of about eighty-four cents a week, and they are to be financed by an advance of $10,000,000 by the government to the municipalities. Nor will the latter sum be in any way an extravagance, since it is estimated that 100,000 men now on the dole will be employed in the construction of the dwellings, and some $25,000,000 will be saved to the government thereby. This scheme, offering as it does relief to several needy groups at the same time, is so simple and so effective that one wonders why our own government does not adopt a similar plan. We have not, it is true, hundreds of thousands of men living on government unemployment insurance. But it is altogether likely that many millions of dollars will be asked from and perhaps appropriated by Congress for relief during the coming winter. This will not, of course, be a dole. Perish the thought in a ruggedly individualistic American civilization. It will be given for public works, or simply for soup kitchens and other means of ameliorating intolerable conditions. Somehow the British scheme, whereby workers are given a place to live by the labor of other workers out of a job, seems a little closer to the realities.

IN AN UTTERLY CHANGING WORLD there is always Great Britain. What other country would in this day and generation have reinstated so delightful an institution as the Dunmow Flitch trial, established in 1445 to award a flitch, or side, of bacon to any couple which could prove before a jury of six maids and six bachelors that they had lived happily for one year and a day. That would seem to indicate that marriage was not always blissful in the fifteenth century, when life was simple and there were no modern improvements and no movies and few theaters, and no one had ever advocated that dreadful emancipation of women which has done so much to undermine the morale of all human kind. The jury was reconstituted this year, and last week awarded two flitches and a half to three couples who claimed the award. The second couple was composed of a motor mechanic, whose hobby is wireless, and his spouse. The judge was greatly interested. "You know," he said, "Adam, too, went in for wireless. Yes, he exchanged his spare part for a loud-speaker." After that witticism the verdict of the jury was unanimous, but because their marriage had occurred at the Registry Office only and was without benefit of clergy, this happy couple received only half a flitch. Incredible as it may seem, the third pair of applicants were able to prove that though married they were laughing and happy every minute of the day, so the verdict was unqualified in their case. Will not somebody offer a Dunmow Flitch on this side of the water?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prussia's Good Sense Victorious

THE good sense of the Prussian people has triumphed. They have unmistakably shown that they prefer the stability of the present government to the uncertainty of some new and untried order. They would rather have the level-headed Otto Braun as their premier than someone taken from the extreme right or left. They have refused to jeopardize the existence of the German republic at this critical moment despite the almost overwhelming temptation to take drastic action. No other people in the western world today are as sorely beset with hardships and suffering as are the Germans; no other nation is faced with such grave economic problems. Yet when they were put to the test the Prussians showed that notwithstanding their terrible trial they could exercise a magnificent measure of self-control. That is the major significance of the vote of August 9. The proposal to dissolve the Prussian Diet, which was advanced by the Steel Helmits and other right extremists and supported by the extremists of the left, was not merely defeated; it was defeated overwhelmingly.

The action of the Prussians should earn for Germany not only the applause but the confidence of the world. And it is this confidence which Germany must have lest it succumb to the menacing economic situation. Without it even the splendid self-control revealed in the voting may not suffice to carry the country through the present crisis. Witness only the disturbances that took place on the day of the voting. The number of dead in Berlin alone is estimated at thirteen or fourteen. The rioting clearly does not represent the sentiment of the majority in Germany, but it is symptomatic of a feeling of unrest directly attributable to the economic distress. It is this distress that must be overcome, and that soon, or the restlessness will surely grow. The Prussian people have said to France in particular, but also to the rest of the world, we shall remain cool and calm, we shall do all we possibly can to keep our extremists in check, but we need your aid, or at least your confidence, in our endeavors to correct and remove the conditions which have led to these excesses.

France was alarmed by the referendum, or in any event its politicians declared they were alarmed. "Paris Anxious" and "Paris Sees Danger," the headlines said the day before the voting. The nationalist press of France pretended to see in a possible victory for the German Nationalists a serious threat to the security of France. Visions of the peace treaties being torn up, and of a militant Germany planning a war of revenge, were flashed before French readers. But the French politicians were needlessly alarmed. The Prussian referendum was solely a domestic affair. It had no direct significance for France or any other country, and even indirectly, had the extremists won, it would have meant no more than that the Germans were determined to have the crime committed at Versailles rectified a little sooner than will otherwise be the case. The Germans are not threatening the security of France; they are not planning a war of revenge. Anyone familiar with popular and official sentiment in Germany today knows this well enough. Moreover, whether Paris and its satellites like it or not, it is obvious that the end of reparations is all but at hand, and that the Treaty of Versailles must soon or late be radically altered, no matter what faction happens to be in power in Germany or Prussia.

It is unfortunate that the voting in the referendum was not by parties. Since it was not, there is no way in which we can estimate the relative strength of the various extremist groups. Berlin dispatches say the outcome showed the strength of the Nationalists and National Socialists to be declining, and an analysis of the returns appears to bear this out. It must be considered an encouraging sign. Yet it is not clear what influence the last moment decision of the Communists to participate had on the voting. For eight weeks the Communists bitterly opposed the referendum on the ground that it was a "social-fascist" device aimed especially at their campaign for a social revolution. Then a fortnight before the voting the left radicals suddenly presented the Prussian Government with a set of impossible demands, declaring that their rejection would mean Communist support for the Nationalist referendum. Premier Braun calmly replied that he did not intend "to make the question of public order a subject of political barter." His decision was not only sensible and statesmanlike, but it was politically wise as well, for apparently the Communist rank and file did not follow their leaders to the polls. This is strongly indicated in the returns from Berlin, where the Communists are particularly strong. The division among the left radicals and the slump in the voting strength of the Nationalists we believe to be of more importance than the fact that the extremists were able to roll up almost 10,000,000 votes for their proposal. It is true that the crisis has not yet been passed, and that political stability has not yet been permanently assured. But the victory of the moderates is a more valuable guaranty of stability than any Germany has yet been able to offer to the world.

The extremists have had their day, and have been found wanting. They will undoubtedly carry on their propoganda, but their efforts will be weakened by the knowledge that they lack the popular support which they might otherwise have pretended to. This is one of the merits of the German initiative and referendum. Under that system the people themselves can initiate legislation, reject legislation adopted by their representatives, or bring about changes in the personnel of their government. All that is needed is a petition signed by 10 per cent of the qualified voters, upon presentation of which the government is legally bound to hold a referendum. The question then goes to the people as a whole, and is carried if 50 per cent of the qualified voters cast affirmative ballots. Some such system would be a splendid thing for the United States. Then we could, for example, challenge the contention of the Hoover Administration that the American people are opposed to government help for the unemployed, or are opposed to unemployment insurance. The Germans have not only the good sense to reject the dangerous appeals of their extremists, but they have the courage and the wisdom to give these extremists an opportunity to test their strength by the ballot box.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disarmament Both Hot and Cold

JUST when Mr. Hoover has been so ardent in publicly stating that there must be disarmament, and linking his every action for the rescuing of Europe with disarmament, comes the disheartening announcement of Secretary Adams, with, it is stated in the dispatches, the consent of President Hoover, that the navy adopted a "new policy" for a fleet that "in every important respect will conform to the provisions of the London Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments." In other words, we are to build up to the British strength just when the times are bad and Mr. Hoover has been berating every bureau chief for not having cut rigidly his estimates for the next fiscal year; and so we are to have two new aircraft carriers, six fleet-submarines, one flying-deck 10,000-ton cruiser, one London-treaty six-inch gun cruiser of about 10,000 tons, one destroyer, one destroyer-leader, and complete airplane equipment for the aircraft carrier Ranger now under construction, the whole to cost $129,385,000. It is officially announced that the purpose of the Administration is "to create, maintain, and operate a navy second to none and in conformity to treaty provisions," that the program will be approved by the bureau of the budget and the President, and will give employment to thousands of men, a large part going in wages "to skilled mechanics and other workers in the shipbuilding and ordnance trades."

The last argument for this expenditure is similar to that made by Ramsay MacDonald when excusing the building of cruisers by the first British Labor Government. It cannot be justified on that ground. The real reason is, we suppose, the stupid old one that the President thinks we must have something more to "bargain with" when we enter the disarmament conference next February. It is that incredibly mad military and naval mind at work again of which Professor Ross of the University of Wisconsin speaks in the article printed elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*. The plan, of course, will have no such effect as is intended. In the first place, it is too obvious, too transparent, and too openly stated. In the second place, it will stir up all the admirals, the Navy League, and the professional imperialists in Great Britain. In the third place, wherever it is read under the sun, it will cast doubt upon the sincerity of the disarmament position of Herbert Hoover. It will be said of us abroad that we are no more sincere in our advocacy of genuine disarmament than are the French. At home it ought to be clear that money spent upon any such program in this time of acute national distress, when the President himself has said that we must rigidly reduce our expenditures, would be nothing less than a criminal waste of public funds. Fortunately, it is yet to be authorized by Congress, and we hope that Congress will take the bit in its teeth under pressure from public opinion and will refuse to be misled by the specious argument that this throwing away of money upon armaments that will be worth nothing five or ten years from now should be sanctioned in order to give employment.

We confess that Mr. Hoover's policy in this matter leaves us gasping. Perhaps it is to be explained by the charge made in the new "Mirrors of Washington" that Mr. Hoover is greatly influenced by the last person who is with him. How can he again make an appeal to an international body, as he did in his address to the International Chamber of Commerce last May, in behalf of disarmament? If Mr. Hoover were a true statesman and a true Quaker, he would now be saying to Europe: "Gentlemen, we ask you to disarm. If you do not, we are going ahead on our own. We are not afraid. For more than one hundred years of its existence when it was poor, weak, struggling, torn by internal dissension which finally led to a bloody civil war, and when it was creating homes for its people in the once trackless wilderness, this country had no fleet, and its army never exceeded 25,000 men save in war times. It was undisturbed, and never attacked, although its thousands of miles of coasts were for generations absolutely defenseless, and could have been taken at any time by the French, British, or Russian navies. It is now going back to its historic American policy with all the more courage and cheerfulness because it demonstrated during the World War that it had the most magnificent resources in men, materials, and wealth of any country in the world. It considers itself unassailable today. It proposes to devote its wealth in this emergency to reconstructing its economy and to keeping alive and content the millions of unemployed and starving men, women, and children within its borders. It will leave to others the un-Christian policy of squandering its national wealth on plans to kill, which can have only one outcome if persisted in—the destruction of the present economic system, and the establishment of a totally different one." If Mr. Hoover could say this the whole country, yes, the whole world, would rise and acclaim him.

Our Police Failure

ANOTHER chapter of the Wickersham Commission's findings just published deals with the police of the country, and in no uncertain terms. The report is all the more striking in the completeness of its denunciation since it comes from no muckracking daily, but from a sober and conservative board of inquiry appointed by the President of the United States. It declares that there is a "general failure" of the police because of political corruption and alliances with criminals, inefficiency, frequent changes of the head of the police, usually for political reasons, incompetent personnel, bad training, and inadequate equipment. This is, of course, precisely what everybody at all familiar with the police situation expected to learn. The facts are there, and they have been available to everybody for decades. Now the question is once more what are we going to do about it.

The truth about our police work is not only that it is subject in our large cities to the all-corrupting influence of the political machines whatever their political names or tags, but that it has grown up haphazard and without adequate relation to the modern development of crime and criminals. Many of the functions of the police have nothing to do with crime detection—such, for example, as patrolling parks and regulating traffic. The officers of each force, and its crime detectors, are recruited from the lower ranks, from members

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who spend their time directing automobiles or pounding the pavement, waiting for something to happen. Even in New York City it is the custom to reward a brave patrolman who has made a fortunate arrest or distinguished himself in hand-to-hand combat with burglars by promoting him to be a detective, as if shooting a burglar or the accidental detection of a crime connoted the possession of the qualities of a good detective.

What the situation calls for is the separation of the regulatory functions of a police force from its activities against criminals, the removal from it of all political influence, and its reorganization so that a career may be possible within its ranks and that men may enlist in its service without necessarily having to begin as patrolmen. The police need good chemists and men of highly trained brain power, capable of taking a broad view of the relations of the police to the whole citizenry, and particularly of such questions as free speech, free assembly, and the more and more complicated relationships, political and civic, of the individual to the community. It is infinitely more important that the officials at the head of the police should have an understanding of their own responsibility to the law than that there should be an up-to-date riot squad with sawed-off shot guns and tear-gas bombs. If we have a criticism to offer of the Wickersham report it is that, so far as the published excerpts are concerned, it has laid no stress upon the grievous fact that the police not only arrogate to themselves the right to say who shall and who shall not observe the laws, but do not hesitate themselves to violate them whenever it suits their convenience. Few policemen respect the individual right of sanctity, never to be violated without a search warrant, or hesitate to take or to threaten lawless measures themselves, or to disregard and to defy upon occasion the Constitution of the United States itself. To our mind this is the greatest of the evils connected with our police, for they cannot hope really to enforce the laws unless they themselves respect and obey them.

Naturally the police should be taken out of politics, and at least a fraction of the major offices should be opened to men of the highest education and of the best possible standards, without regard to their previous occupations. The Wickersham Commission is quite correct in stressing the evil of the constantly changing police heads. On the other hand, it is not easy to get good police heads within the ranks when the forces are as corrupt and ignorant as most of them are. Of course, taking a man like Grover Whalen in New York from civil life does not necessarily mean the choice of the right kind of Commissioner. As long as we have political mayors we shall have ignorant or political chiefs of police. Until we have professional mayors of the German type, or mayors wholly free from political influences like the British, we shall have political chiefs of police with all the evils the Wickersham Commission stresses. At best the police problem is enormously difficult. The mere putting of men into close grips with the criminal world tends to corrupt them—first pity, then endure, and then embrace, that is the rule here as well as in other walks of life. It is of the utmost importance that a new policy be attempted in order that our police shall be like the English policemen—the best friends of the community as well as its servitors and defenders, and, above all, beyond suspecion themselves.

A Mental Moratorium

IN recent months foreign observers, such as André Maurois, have professed to discover that the business depression has caused Americans once more to turn to the things of the spirit. In 1928 and 1929, they say, we were interested only in money-making, but since evil days have fallen upon us there are signs of an intellectual awakening. One would like to believe that this diagnosis is correct, but the evidences of it seem to us somewhat less than glaring. Outside of the economic realm there has been, so far as one can judge from external signs, less serious thinking than at any time in the last decade. Most persons who follow the output of publishers, for example, will agree that there have been fewer serious and genuinely important new fiction and non-fiction books in the last twelve months than for at least five or six years. This seems to be the situation not only in the United States but in most of the countries of Europe. It is a condition not difficult to account for on economic grounds. Most serious books can depend only upon a small audience, and volumes of poetry and fiction that are in any courageous way experimental are for that very reason less sure of an audience and more speculative from the publisher's point of view. The publisher, therefore, not only restricts his total output of books in a time of depression like the present, but is most likely to make his restriction at the expense of the volumes that lack mass appeal.

What is perhaps at first glance more remarkable, is that readers for the most part have justified the recent policy of publishers by purchasing mainly books of a trivial nature. A recent list of the "six best sellers" in fiction reveals only one volume—"The Good Earth" by Pearl S. Buck, ranking fifth in sales—in which leading critics have acknowledged genuine literary merit. The rest are mainly light love fiction, with the exception of a wild west yarn. The six non-fiction best sellers include two books on contract bridge and a book on "Boners." No one would be likely to hold that the list as a whole proves the country to be in a state of intellectual ferment. Certainly several publishers, whose business it is to be exactly informed on such matters, are making their plans on precisely the opposite assumption. Under different firm names, they are planning to publish a list of more frivolous and frothy fiction than they would apparently care to publish under their present respectable and long-established imprints.

The moral is rather plain. It may be true that a country can become too rich for its own intellectual good—that it cannot whole-heartedly pursue the goods of commerce and the goods of the spirit at the same time. But it is unfortunately too much to hope that the sudden advent of hard times will produce an immediate intellectual renaissance. Most people apparently, when they have lost their money, do not care to turn to something that will put any real strain upon their mental or emotional faculties; they prefer rather to read something shallow and "cheerful" that will "take their mind off their troubles." Thinking has always been an arduous and to most of us a painful enterprise, and even when it seems most necessary, we look around for opiates and not for prods.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Hoover's Record

IX. Hoover the Politician*

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

WHEN a man is President, nothing succeeds so brilliantly as success and nothing fails so abysmally as failure. The office has grown topheavy. Under a succession of Presidents, some of them strong men hungry for power, and some of them weaklings egged on by powerful interests with axes to grind, the executive has encroached upon the legislative branch of the government until today the House of Representatives is a mere partisan mob and the Senate wages an unpopular and perhaps a losing battle to preserve representative government. The President, through his power of appointment, largely determines the character of the judiciary. Hence in the main we live under a sort of White House Pooh-Bahcracy, and hence everything the Pooh Bah does or fails to do is thrown up on a gigantic screen, magnified out of all proportion. Every act of common sense becomes a stroke of genius, and every gesture of common decency stamps him as another Lincoln. His sins and blunders are exaggerated on a somewhat smaller scale, but they are either exaggerated or denied.

This perilously inflated status is a legacy which every President inherits from the long line of his predecessors, and it presents to him a vital political problem. The accepted doctrine is that he can handle it successfully in either of two ways. One is to assume the role of a bold, independent, self-reliant character, such as Roosevelt or Wilson. The other is to follow the routine of practical politics, playing the game with the party leaders as McKinley and Coolidge played it. Obviously, the first course requires more courage and ability, promises higher rewards, and involves greater hazards, while the latter course is safer.

Herbert Hoover has made the fundamental error of attempting to occupy both roles. Publicly he has sought to give the impression of a high-powered executive, impatient with politics and contemptuous of politicians. Under the surface he has played politics incessantly, and he has elected to play it on a singularly petty and vindictive plane. As associates he recruited a nondescript collection of adventurers, nonentities, and political hoodlums, and he condoned, if he did not actually instigate, a series of enterprises worthy of the Chicago school of "Hinky Dink" and "Bathhouse John." Still posing as the Scientist in Politics, he put at the head of the Republican National Committee Claudius Huston, an obscure promoter, who subsequently was exposed not only as a power lobbyist, but as one who had used lobby funds intrusted to him in his private stock speculations. Still pretending to despise politicians, the Great Engineer took for his party generalissimo Bob Lucas, a tinpot Louisville boss, newly graduated from a machine notorious for its roughhouse tactics.

The effort to present two faces, one to the public and the other to the politicians, could have but one outcome. The politicians immediately discovered that he did not know the ropes, and the public presently realized that the Miracle Man was an illusion. As a matter of fact, Hoover is constitutionally unsuited to either role—which means that he is constitutionally unsuited to the Presidency. That he possesses certain virtues and abilities is not to be denied. He is an industrious man, with an excellent penchant for routine, and is extraordinarily well informed on a variety of subjects. Put him on a straight administrative job where he has absolute authority, and he can perform brilliantly. Thus situated, and free of vexations, he is likely to be extremely affable and entertaining. But he is peculiarly a fair-weather performer. By temperament an autocrat, opposition enrages him and fills him with a sense of personal injury. Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson were autocrats, but they were fighters. Hoover is irascible and flabby. To borrow from the language of the prize ring, "he likes to pass it out, but he can't take it." The moment he is hit he starts backing up. Often a mere threat will cause him to retreat.

Take the celebrated instance of Hiram Johnson and the diplomatic dinner. That Hoover and Hiram hate each other like poison is common knowledge. On the afternoon preceding the dinner the list of invited guests was handed out at the White House, and the reporters discovered that Johnson was the only member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee whose name was missing. The omission, if intentional, was very pointed indeed, and properly was a juicy piece of news. Questioned, Secretary George Akerson assured the reporters it was intentional. He said the President had a right to select his own dinner guests, and that he did not choose to invite Senator Johnson. Some of the more cautious journalists telephoned Akerson at home that night and received the same answer. The next morning the story was in all the papers. Much commotion ensued at the White House, and presently the astounded correspondents were officially informed that the failure to invite Hiram was not intentional, and that the President had sent him a note apologizing for the "inadvertence." It was further explained that instructions had been given to delete the name of Nelson Johnson, a State Department attaché, from the guest list, and that Senator Johnson's name had been deleted by mistake instead. The brightness of this afterthought may be judged from the fact that the correspondents were able promptly to ascertain that Nelson Johnson hadn't been invited either. Throughout the incident the doughty Hiram never opened his mouth or lifted his hand. It wasn't necessary—the enemy had surrendered before a return shot was fired.

It is doubtful whether any President has been so easily cowed. Threats of reprisal have caused him to make any number of important appointments which were thoroughly distasteful to him. Thus, after he had definitely decided not to reappoint Robinson and Sykes, comprising the "anti-trust" faction of the Radio Commission, a brief call by Senator Jim Couzens was sufficient to change his mind. A

* The ninth of a series of articles on President Hoover's record. The tenth and last, on Hoover as Business President, by William Hard, will appear next week.—Editor The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

similar hasty reversal preceded the reappointment of Eastman to the Interstate Commerce Commission, Couzens and Senator George Moses cracking the whip in that instance. Intimations of political reprisals caused him to put Richard J. Hopkins and Albert B. Watson on the federal bench after Attorney General Mitchell had reported unfavorably on their qualifications. When the President uttered his famous warning against "Congressional extravagance," and, by the transparent device of totaling the figures contained in all the appropriation bills which had been dropped in the hopper, proceeded to prove that the Treasury was about to be "raided" to the tune of five billion dollars, Senator Carter Glass retorted with a scathing denunciation containing the word "dishonest." Poor Jim Watson was in the midst of a labored speech justifying the Presidential strictures when a second statement arrived, explaining that the first had been misunderstood, and that Mr. Hoover had not intended to criticize Congress but only those wicked interests which were seeking to impose on its generosity. Jim's subsequent remarks in the cloakroom are still quoted with awe and admiration by those who heard them. To sum up, virtually all Hoover's essays at playing the Strong Man have run the same course. They begin with bluster and end in tears.

His efforts to play practical politics have fared no better. He does not understand the game, and seems totally unable to think his way through a situation in advance. Moreover, he is dreadfully handicapped by the personal hostility of most of his own party leaders. They believe that his attitude of superiority toward politics is a pose, and that his real distaste for it arises from his knowledge of his own ineptitude. A practical politician can get along with few abilities and fewer virtues, but certain qualities are essential. I do not recall a successful party boss of whom it was not said that "his word is as good as his bond," and that "he takes care of his friends." An equally obvious requisite is that instinct which causes its possessor to be known as "a good judge of men"—meaning that he bestows his confidence wisely. Concerning Mr. Hoover's word, I am decidedly unwilling to express the opinion that he would deliberately deceive anyone. The fact is that his temperament is so unstable and his judgment is so easily affected by outward circumstances that what he says in good faith today may not hold good tomorrow. He changes his mind oftener than he changes his shirt and with equal facility, and it is not always possible to follow the changes as rapidly as they occur. This trait is the cause of frequent embarrassment to his followers. After a singularly humiliating experience one Republican Senator bluntly announced that in future he would not undertake to pledge the President's word to his colleagues on any subject. Unfortunately, the question of his loyalty to his friends is not open to charitable interpretation. The list of "Hoover Boys" thrown to the wolves when their usefulness ended is sufficiently long and impressive to support the charge of ingratitude. From Colonel William Donovan down to and past poor Claudius Huston the story has been the same—Mr. Hoover's Presidential trail is strewn with the political bones of those who outlived their usefulness, until it is jocosely said in Washington that the only Hoover appointees who feel secure are those who have life jobs and Lawrence Richey. In the realm of practical politics there is no more damaging accusation. Treachery to one's friends is the unforgivable political sin.

Much praise has been uttered and written about Hoover's judgment of men, and I incline to the belief that it is merited within certain categories, but his choice of political aids and advisers has been uniformly unwise, and has involved him in endless difficulty. McNary of Oregon is by all odds the shrewdest member of the Republican Old Guard in the Senate. His judgment is sound and his information in advance of roll calls is uncannily accurate. Yet when McNary warned Hoover that the nomination of Judge Parker for the Supreme Court would be rejected and urged him to withdraw his name, Hoover elected to rest on the contrary assurance of the ineffably fatuous Fess, and so plunged on to one of the major political disasters of his Administration. Similarly, as his political "contact man" with Congress, Hoover chose Walter Newton, a Minnesota Congressman whose standing with the House leaders was indifferent and who was thoroughly unpopular in the Senate. To this strategist is attributed the ghastly blunder of permitting Joe Dixon's letter urging the appointment of Parker as "a master political stroke" to get into the file of papers which went to the Senate. Its discovery there undoubtedly caused Parker's defeat. Hoover's reasons for making Huston chairman of the National Committee are indiscernible to this day. Few of the party leaders knew him, and the rank and file of workers had never heard of him. When his record was bared by the Caraway committee, contributions to the party virtually ceased. Yet when he departed in disgrace the same inscrutable logic prompted Hoover to replace him with Fess and Lucas—and soon the country was being entertained with the story of Lucas's undercover plot to defeat the senior Republican Senator from Nebraska by circulating Ku Klux Klan literature against him!

In view of the foregoing, it is natural to inquire how Hoover could succeed in becoming President. The methods by which he developed into "Presidential timber" are best described by reverting to the language of the sports' page. He was a "built-up" candidate. The Hoover "build-up" consisted of the most elaborate and prolonged publicity campaign ever undertaken in behalf of a political aspirant in this country. He got his first great "break" in the war, and his inclusion in Harding's Cabinet enabled him to keep going. Not an opportunity was overlooked to get on the front page—or the second—or the sixteenth. His speaking engagements were carefully chosen to that end, and with the additional view to establishing "good contacts," especially with organizations of business men. He called numerous conferences and attended dozens called by others. Whenever a spectacular—and not too difficult—job was to be performed, whether in connection with a new industry such as radio, or in dramatizing flood relief, Hoover was quick to volunteer. Already the Great Engineer and the Man Who Saved Belgium, he managed to become the Great Organizer, the Great Executive, and the Scientist in Government. The ballyhoo never abated. Records kept by a reliable clipping bureau disclose that during the last two years of the Coolidge Administration the Secretary of Commerce received more space in the daily newspapers than the President of the United States—something which had never occurred before. Looking around now, it is rather difficult to recall the concrete accomplishments of those busy years, but one thing undoubtedly was accomplished: Herbert Hoover was "built up" in the public mind to a stage where, with the use

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of an undisclosed sum of money in the Southern States, he was able to enter the Republican National Convention at Kansas City a heavy favorite. Bill Vare's anxiety to be with the winner produced the necessary additional delegates.

A Presidential nomination is not easy to win, especially when the candidate is distrusted by most of the party leaders. The Republican bosses have never regarded Hoover as a real party man. They have never forgotten that he got his start in politics under a Democratic Administration, and that in 1920 he was a candidate for both the Republican and Democratic nominations. At bottom most of them still regard him as an opportunist who managed to land at the top of the winning side. Considering his history and background and the mystery which enveloped and still envelops a long period of his life, surveying all the obstacles which he confronted, one is drawn to the conclusion that his successful campaign for the Republican nomination was his greatest achievement. It was surely his greatest political achievement. Intelligently planned and skillfully carried out, it made him President, since nothing could have prevented a Republican victory in the election. It is Hoover's misfortune that the sort of politics which enabled him to attain the office is of little value in the exercise of its functions, especially in these times. Smug speeches no longer satisfy the business men—they cannot forget the red ink on their balance sheets—and all the White House gumshoe men cannot cover up the bread lines. No matter how many newspaper owners are invited to the White House or the Rapidan, the public still learns the truth. The situation can only be remedied by applying politics of the kind which is spelled with a capital P. That kind of Politics is reserved for men of imagination, wisdom, unselfishness, and courage. There is no ground for supposing that the jinxed and unhappy man in the White House will ever be that kind of Politician.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

MISERY makes strange bedfellows. Herbert Hoover and *The Nation, Inc.,* Nicholas Murray Butler and Karl Marx, G.M.B.H., Bishop Manning and Universal Religion Limited—surely the world was never quite so entertaining as it is today. We may not be able to get enough to eat this winter but we shall have plenty of laughs, so what is the difference?

I have left all my books in Veere. I shall have to quote from memory, and quoting from memory is like trusting a French time-table. But it was Ulrich von Hutten and the year was either 1522 or 1523. The place was the island of Ufnau in the Lake of Zurich.

What a spot to die in! God knows, it is bad enough to have to live in Zurich, but imagine dying there! For poor Ulrich was dying and dying under very uncomfortable circumstances. He owned nothing but the clothes on his back. Zwingli paid his doctor's bills. Everything he had ever tried to do had gone wrong. The idea of a united German empire, for which he had fought so valiantly, was further removed from realization than ever. The Reformation was rapidly degenerating into a free-for-all fight between half a dozen arrogant theologists, each one the author of a new and infallible set of doctrines. On all sides, murder and futile bloodshed and such slaughter of the innocents as the world had not seen since the days of Bethlehem.

And yet that poor knight-errant of the goose quill, just before he gave up the ghost, smiled happily and wrote: "It is a joy to be alive today . . . on every side the spirit of man is awakening."

When I was born we "knew" everything. Today we dare not even "suspect." The Czar of all the Russias and Little Father to all the Russians lies dead at the bottom of a well. The All-highest Kriegsherr is obliged to ask permission of some obscure Dutch governor of an unknown Dutch province every time he wants to go to town to have his hair cut or his teeth filled. His Most Catholic Majesty is shooing away the dirty-postcard vendors in front of the Hotel Meurice every time he walks to the Paris General Delivery to inquire whether there is perchance any mail from Madrid. The Rumanian potentates, male and female, are going through the last phases of domestic indecency and royal exhibitionism before their final westward voyage on board the Bucharest-Vienna express.

Hapsburg Grand Dukes appear in lower East Side police courts to tell inquisitive shysters what they have done with certain ancestral heirlooms which were not theirs to sell or pawn. A little bald-headed man living on a penny's worth of rice a day and garbed in a solitary cloak of his own weaving telephones His Majesty's most august representative and suggests that the latter drop in sometime and see him to "discuss matters of grave importance and prevent another outbreak of violence." Reputations that seemed as tight and as solid as the shining porphyry slab that covers the mortal remains of the defunct Corsican are rapidly being carted away to the dump heap of defunct statuary hidden somewhere in a forgotten nook of the great Versailles mausoleum.

Manners, morals, and customs which seemed possessed of the granite strength of the ancient Mosaic tenets have become mere questionable expressions of doubtful religious prejudices. The patient Mexican peon is burning down churches. The navvy of yesterday is the prime minister of today, and Paris cafes, which for more than a century have catered to the exile-trade from half a dozen European empires, have had to be converted into American bars, lest they tumble into the hands of the commissioners of bankruptcy.

The difference between the year 1914 and the year 1931 is much greater than the difference between 1931 and the ever memorable day of Constantine's pious, though practical, conversion to the faith of the Nazarene prophet. And yet, old Ulrich was right. "It is a joy to be alive today, for everywhere the spirit of man is awakening."

Oswald Spengler would hardly agree with all this. He spent ten years sitting uncomfortably in a badly lighted and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

badly ventilated little room where with shivering fingers he predicted the imminent downfall of Western civilization. That book, to my way of thinking, is the finest piece of work that has come out of a European inkstand these last hundred years. But I flatly disagree with its general conclusions and with the stark despair that radiates in such brilliant confusion from every page. Perhaps I see things a little too simply. The habit of reducing every problem of life to a convenient little picture may have something to do with this. Spinoza and Montaigne and even long-nosed Erasmus may desert me during these troublesome times. But as a humble pupil of Wilhelm Busch, I can never become an open and avowed pessimist. And all the terrible headlines of all the front pages of all the newspapers in the world won't be able to convince me that this is not by far the most marvelous and interesting period of history through which mankind has ever passed on its queer peregrination through space and eternity.

We all live by fairy stories. The only successful statesmen and the only successful founders of new religions are those who have recognized this fact. The Truth for which the late Saul of Tarsus searched so diligently that he upset a whole empire in doing so does not exist. Momentary approximations of the truth have been duly registered by the keepers of our historical seismographic stations. But the fairy story and not the truth shall set us free.

Every one of us has his own fairy story. And I have mine. It bids me believe that nothing is ever wasted in this universe of ours, that nothing is ever lost, that nothing can ever be lost. As it was in the beginning, so it is now and ever shall be!

The sum total of energy with which we started out shall be returned intact on the Day of Judgment (if any). That energy, however, assumes queer forms and shapes and manifests itself in such absurd physical shapes as my beloved dog Noodle (Lord bless him, and how he hates this treeless city, but then there is the Empire State Building!) and the giraffe of Mr. Barnum's menagerie. It manifests itself in the philosophy of life of Herbert Hoover and of Albert Einstein. It appears one day in the guise of a Romanov hanging party, and the next one it is garbed in the dreary brown of a Stalin shooting squad. But it is ever present. It is ever active. It is self-sustaining. Not an iota or atom or electron can be added to it or subtracted.

To say that civilization is hell-bent for perdition is sheer nonsense. Civilization is merrily galloping toward a great and profound change and that is all. No vital civilization ever came to an end. It continued in some other form.

Wherever I go these days I find glum faces and hear people loudly bewailing the "crisis."

There is no crisis.

There is merely a revolution.

A revolution which lives faithfully up to its original definition: "a fundamental reconstruction of the whole fabric of society."

Ten years ago the Daughters of the American Revolution would have sicked the police on us for such a statement. Today the dear ladies must listen to these same words emanating from the sacred lips of the Great White Father of F Street, Washington, D. C.

Galileo Galilei observed that "the world do move." I hereby offer an amendment to that famous saying. The world not only moves. It moves darned fast.

Russia's Race Against Time

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, July 19

THE final sowing figures for the entire Soviet Union are now available. The total area planted this spring amounts to 97,032,300 hectares, which is 9.9 per cent more than the area planted in the same period last year. About one-fourth of the whole, or 25,454,900 hectares, has been devoted to wheat. It is especially significant that 88 per cent of this wheat acreage belong to the collective and state farms, a circumstance that insures quicker and better harvesting, lower costs, and direct sale to the government for city-feeding and export purposes.

Sowing increases over 1930 equal 7.3 per cent in wheat, 35 per cent in flax, 30.7 per cent in sugar beets, 32.5 per cent in sunflower seeds (used here for their oil), 22.8 per cent in hemp, 76.7 per cent in vegetables, and, last because not least, 50.5 per cent in cotton. For a number of years the Soviet Union purchased approximately $50,000,000 worth of cotton annually in the United States. Two years ago Russian cotton imports began to fall until now the Bolsheviks are altogether independent of outside supplies except for small quantities of special Egyptian and Persian staples. In fact, the U. S. S. R. recently exported limited quantities of cotton to England. The Soviet Government, to be sure, would refrain from exporting cotton if it considered only the expanded and unsatisfied textile requirements of the country. It would perhaps even import some. But Moscow possesses so little foreign currency and has obtained so few foreign credits that it is forced to deprive the domestic market of indispensable commodities in order to obtain the valuta for acquiring foreign machinery.

Since its inception the Soviet Government has received very limited credits in Western countries at extremely high interest rates, not less, though it sounds fantastic, than 25 per cent, on the average, above the normal rates. This difficulty partially explains the rapid pace at which the Bolsheviks are industrializing the country and raising its agrarian productivity. To depend on foreign nations is so expensive and uncertain that the Communists see themselves compelled to attain economic self-sufficiency at the earliest possible moment. Every step toward freedom from foreign sources of supply is therefore heralded by the press as a "Socialist victory." The papers note at least one every day. Now it is iodine which the U. S. S. R. need no longer import, now 50,000-horse-power turbines, now some agricultural implement, now cotton-ginning equipment. These achievements cause privations because they require added

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exertion, but they hasten the process of national industrialization and modernization.

The great stimulus toward Soviet mechanization, however, is not the shortage of credits but the shortage of labor. This is today the supreme concern of bolshevism. The man power available at present is simply insufficient for the construction tasks which the government has undertaken. In most countries the obvious solution would be a reduction in the number of tasks. Not so with the Communists. They do exactly the reverse.

The situation in the coal industry is the most recent illustration. The Donetz Basin in South Russia, where most of the U. S. S. R.'s coal is produced, is working badly, officials complain. It exceeded last year's output but did not fulfil the program fixed by the Five-Year Plan. This failure is due, in the main, to the fluidity of labor and labor's lack of skill. Steps are of course being taken to remove these faults, but the Bolsheviks go to the root of the problem and seek its solution in the complete mechanization of the coal industry of the entire country. Accordingly, a decree issued on July 7 by Prime Minister Molotov for the government, Stalin as secretary of the Communist Party, and Sergo Ordjonikidze, chairman of the Supreme Economic Council, instructs the Coal Trust "to mechanize 50 per cent of the bigger mines by 1932 and to carry out complete mechanization by 1933." In two years, therefore, Russia will stand far ahead of America, Germany, and England in the mechanization of mines. The last shall be first, in this case, because it is last. Russia's present backwardness, in other words, is the best guaranty of rapid advance. The Bolsheviks believe that it would be more difficult to train enough men to mine coal cheaply by the old pick-and-shovel and pony method than to introduce machinery and teach fewer hands to operate it. The scarcity and inefficiency of labor force the Bolsheviks to adopt radical cures which not only make trying work easier but accelerate production. Russia enjoys the advantage of having undertaken industrialization in an era when the tools therefor are available in other countries. But whereas those countries would have to destroy property and overcome considerable inertia and more conservatism in order to apply the newest methods and equipment, the Soviets in many instances either build on virgin soil or discard things too obsolete to preserve. Moreover, no economic traditions exist here.

The mechanization of the Donetz Basin will ultimately raise coal production and thus in turn form the basis of further industrialization in other fields. The process is endless and grows like a rolling snowball. Observers have prophesied, ever since large-scale industrialization started in 1927, that the Bolsheviks had bitten off more than they could swallow and would soon suffer the consequences. Some even predicted the total collapse of the system. But a few of us who have been here for years realized that although the pace of industrialization seemed rapid in 1927, it would be much more rapid in 1928, and that a speed judged to be insane in 1929 would be regarded as slow in 1930.

Many students of Soviet affairs err in interpreting the rapid tempo of Russian industrialization. Asked to explain why the Bolsheviks should make the population submit to sacrifices in order to industrialize quickly when they can do it more slowly with less discomfort, their easiest answer is the fear of foreign attack. Russia, they say, must become economically self-sufficient at the earliest possible moment so as to be in a position to repel invasion. The prospect of a repetition of the foreign military intervention of 1918-20 is indeed a constant nightmare to the Russian people. They will work harder if they are told that the development of their country strengthens its defenses, as of course it does. Because this motive has a popular appeal, the Communists frequently employ it to explain the fast pace of construction activities. And because it is simple, many foreigners grasp it and go no farther. But while the defense element is a factor in the situation, its role is relatively small. The real explanations must be sought in the realm of economics.

The secret of the terrific speed at which Soviet industrialization is proceeding lies, in the first place, in Russia's demand for a higher standard of living. The wish to enjoy a greater measure of comfort and happiness was stimulated by the war. Furthermore, the liberation of the downtrodden classes from domination by the Russian aristocracy and plutocracy taught the poor a new self-respect which immediately translated itself into insistence on better education and better living conditions. The Bolsheviks encouraged these tendencies. It was inconceivable that the proletariat and peasantry should not obtain material benefits from the revolution which made them the rulers of the country and expelled their former masters. The absence of such gains would have constituted a denial of the revolution. But the improvement could only be effected by giving the people more goods, more houses, more entertainment. This required the building of factories and a rise in agrarian production. The peasants had to grow more in order to buy more, and new factories were needed to satisfy the swollen demand for commodities. If at this stage—in 1923 and 1924—the capitalist world had helped Russia with credits and loans, Moscow would have placed less stress on self-sufficiency and bought considerable goods abroad, a procedure which would naturally have retarded domestic industrialization. Looking back, the Bolsheviks now regard the capitalist financial boycott as a blessing in disguise. They are much farther today as a result of it.

Quick-time industrialization, moreover, was necessary to create employment for the vast amount of surplus labor in the villages. For more than a century Russia has witnessed a constant flow of peasants from the rural districts to the cities. Although the Bolsheviks gave land to the peasantry and guaranteed it against debts, mortgages, and the pressure of usurers, the Soviet system nevertheless obstructed the enrichment of the farmer as an individual and thereby created a still greater exodus to urban centers where the mujik expected better pay and easier work. To satisfy the demand of the newcomers for jobs required industrial development on a grandiose scale.

In 1927, before the Five-Year Plan began, the Communists discovered that their policy vis-a-vis the villages had reduced agrarian production to such an extent as to compel the government to put the city population on rations. For a variety of reasons, and after many bitter conflicts in the party, the Bolsheviks decided that the only solution of their friction with the peasants was the socialization of agriculture: concretely, the establishment of collective and state farms. But while collectivization is theoretically possible and beneficial without machinery, in practice, tractors, grain elevators, and modern equipment not only hastened

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the process of collectivization but increased the output of collectives once they were organized. The beginnings of industrialization which preceded collectivization enabled the Bolsheviks to initiate socialism in the villages without fear of letting the new collectives go entirely machine-hungry. And as soon as collectivization began to sweep the country, the present wildfire tempo of industrialization started. The collectives clamor for mechanical equipment and for consumption goods, and the Bolsheviks must at least try to satisfy this demand partially, since without collectivization the government faces the alternative of reverting to capitalism or of starving the cities and dropping out of the grain-exporting column.

Today, after only two harvests, the collectives are giving the government grain for export—which opens possibilities of bigger purchases of foreign machinery and consequently of speedier industrialization. The collectives, likewise, are yielding larger industrial crops, such as cotton, flax, hemp, and sugar beets—which enables factories previously deprived of raw materials to raise their production.

Thus, the early stages of industrialization between 1927 and 1929 made collectivization possible. Now collectivization, in its turn, makes further industrialization possible. Further industrialization should mean richer crops, and these again should mean more industrialization. Soviet industrialization never was a mere Bolshevik whim. It was a national necessity. At present it has ceased to be only a policy. The Communists are being driven by the forces they have released. They cannot stop and do not wish to. All signs indicate that the pace of Russia's industrialization will become fiercer in the next few years, unless the physical and nervous strain becomes intolerable.

I repeat, the great Bolshevik problem today is the labor supply. The flow of labor from the villages to the cities has been sharply reduced by collectivization. Moreover, the peasant prefers to stay at home and escape the sacrifices accepted by the urban worker to help along the Five-Year Plan. One would think that since the exodus of extra farmhands from the villages created an impulse toward industrialization, the drying-up of that flow would moderate industrialization. But this would be "wooden logic." Actually, the very opposite happens. For instead of slackening construction, the answer to the peasants' refusal to seek employment in cities is further mechanization of industry, and mechanization and intensification on the land so as to accomplish the same amount of work with fewer workingmen. But mechanization and intensification are of course synonyms for industrialization.

Obviously, however, the system cannot get along without men, and the shortage of labor as well as its causes are a serious concern to the Soviet Government. Stalin dealt with the problem in his recent speech to Russian industrialists, and phases of the question occupy a vast amount of space in the newspapers. "You will find few plants," Stalin said, "where 30 to 40 per cent of the workers do not quit during half a year or even a quarter." In a speech a few weeks ago, Quibishev, a member of the Politburo, declared that the number of miners in the Donetz Basin with only from one to two years' experience had risen in recent years from 5 to 40 per cent. In the Lubertsi Agricultural Machine Factory outside of Moscow 5,335 workers were taken on in the first six months of 1931 while 3,974 left their jobs. In June alone 1,589 men accepted employment in the same plant and 914 went away. This, of course, does not resemble "forced labor." Labor that is "serf" or "slave" would be tied to its place of employment, whereas these and other figures, and Stalin's and Quibishev's complaints, plainly indicate that the "fluidity" or casualness of labor has assumed alarming proportions. Radical reforms are necessary. "We must not tolerate the fluidity of labor in industry any longer," Stalin states. "To get rid of it we must pay wages on a new basis and make the working staff of a plant more or less permanent." How? The concrete measures suggested by him and others include compensation on piece-work principles throughout industry, improvement of the political and economic status of engineers and mechanics and the freeing of them from unwarranted suspicions which have in the past paralyzed their initiative, enthusiasm, and usefulness,* and changes in the system of management which would make one man directly and individually responsible for the operation of a smaller production unit.

These innovations reach deeper than the uninitiated may suppose at first glance. It is expected that the same steps will attract more peasants and members of collectives to the city jobs previously shunned by them because of the low wages and poor housing conditions they offered.

According to the papers, the benefits of the recent reforms are already in evidence. The productivity of men and plants is rising, they say. But the problem will not be solved, in my opinion, until two things happen. First, an engineer's or director's mistake must not involve his arrest by the G. P. U. Errors are universal and need not be malicious. There are wreckers and saboteurs in Soviet industry; foreign specialists testify to this fact. But their number is small compared to that of the loyal engineers who have a right to expect the government's trust, and who will work better when the fear of administrative punishment is removed. Terror was never a means of managing factories.

In the second place, the proletariat's demand for more consumption goods and better homes must be satisfied. The peasant will not leave his village to earn paper rubles which he cannot spend because the stores are empty. And with literally hundreds of thousands of jobs going begging, the worker will move from one spot to the other until he lands a place that offers him a good cooperative apartment and a shop well stocked with food, clothing, tobacco, and, for many of them, vodka. The government knows this as well as I do. It would be unfair to imply that efforts are not being made to give the workers better living conditions. Under the guidance of Kaganovich, a member of the Politburo, Moscow is being rebuilt. Socialist cities are going up in Stalingrad, Nijni-Novgorod, Novorossisk, Magnitogorsk, Kuzneststroi, and elsewhere. Postishev, an important secretary of the Communist party, censured Bolsheviks at Archangel the other day for their "insufficient attention to the cultural and material requirements of the longshoremen." Moscow is alive to the situation. But before labor scarcity and fluidity disappear much more remains to be done in the matter of raising *real* wages. Agitation and proper organization can contribute toward higher individual productivity. The final solution awaits the liquidation of the food and goods shortages.

* See Mr. Fischer's article Servants of the Soviet in *The Nation* of November 26, 1930.—Editor The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One word of caution. Stalin's advocacy of piece work, of the division of mammoth trusts into more manageable units, of personal instead of collective responsibility by factory directors, and his obeisance to the bourgeois specialist will be interpreted abroad as a move toward capitalism. The employment of capitalist methods of production is as little proof of a tendency toward capitalism as the use of the capitalist automobile or capitalist engineers by the Soviet state. Ownership, purpose, and control determine the character of the Russian economic system. There can be no return to private capitalism in a country where there are no private capitalists in the cities and where the rural small holder is fast being submerged by collectivization. And the fast-growing proletariat is the best guaranty against private ownership. It was to create a larger proletariat which would counterbalance the capitalist elements in the cities and villages that the Bolsheviks advocated industrialization from the very beginning of their regime. Industrialization is the historic function of bolshevism—essentially a westernizing movement. And when once industrialization began, economic possibilities and political motives drove the speed up to the present high rate.

Are Militarists Feeble-Minded?*

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

THE Western peoples are in a strange phase. The most civilized nations are more fearful of one another than ever before, and each of the great peoples regards every other great people as more treacherous and cruel than Apache Indians. The peoples of non-Christian Asia are by no means so mistrustful of one another as the Christian peoples of Europe. To judge by their actions, you would conclude that no people attaches the slightest importance to the fact that its neighbor or rival is civilized, educated, and Christian. At a time when the regional tensions within nations like France, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy are weaker than ever before, when highways, railroads, schools, newspapers, and radio have made each of them one people as never before and the shadow of civil war seems to have passed away forever, each nation goes in fear of other nations and suspects them of the most monstrous designs.

About this strange international situation there are several significant features:

1. The little peoples enjoy more sense of security than the great peoples. If the motives and intentions of the Powers were really as unscrupulous and ruthless as many picture them, how could Swedes, Norwegians, Swiss, Belgians, Dutch, Portuguese, Greeks, or Czechs enjoy a night's rest? There is nothing to restrain one of their powerful neighbors from sending its air fleet and blotting out their chief cities over night. You would suppose that the citizens of these small and weak states would live in constant terror. As a matter of fact they seem to go about their business with a serene mind.

2. There is an immense amount of touring and travel among the great peoples, and as these tourists go about they discover no fundamental repugnance, no natural hostility between themselves and the people they travel among. The German travelers are not shocked to discover what manner of folk the English, French, and Americans are. Nor do Americans going about in Japan find any reason to attribute to the Japanese sly and sinister intentions. In other words, the causes of mutual antipathy and suspicion are not in the peoples but in their respective governments. It is the governments that set their peoples against one another and not the peoples that set their governments against one another.

3. It is easy to understand such inveterate hatreds as one finds between roaming tribes and settled peoples, between predatory groups and the industrious peoples they prey on, between piratical folk and trading peoples, between cannibal tribes and their victims, between civilized peoples and slave-raiders, between free peoples and slave-holders. But between the mutually fearful peoples of today there is no ground whatever for reciprocal hatred and hostility. Does anyone pretend, now that the cloud of false war propaganda has lifted, that there is any such difference in the planes of civilization in the belligerent countries as should make them wish to destroy each other by every means within their power?

4. In original nature the Christian religion is one of the gentlest and most humane religions the world has ever seen—far more so than Islam, for example; yet it is precisely the Christian nations which most fear one another and arm against one another. In Asia neighbors may have common boundaries for centuries, yet never arrive at a dispute which brings on wholesale bloodshed.

Such facts lead one to the conclusion that the roots of the mutual international suspicion which begets militant attitudes, armament rivalry, and war-breeding gestures are not in peoples at all or in cultures, but in governments. They are not in the governments of small, non-imperial peoples like the Swiss, Danes, and Norwegians, but in the governments of what are called the "Powers." What distinguishes these governments is readiness to use force outside their boundaries in order to bring under control backward peoples, particularly those which have within their territory valuable natural resources or mineral deposits. It is *imperialism* then, which is the chief troubler and vexer of the friendly relations which should normally prevail among the great peoples of Western civilization.

It is an error to suppose that the clutching policies of governments are really held in check by their people. In the conduct of foreign affairs the people may be brought to believe in or approve almost anything which the government or the dominant class wishes them to believe or approve. Scrutiny of the record of our Department of State shows it to be swayed by about the same influences as sway the corresponding departments of other governments, that is, its attitudes abroad reflect the wishes of the element interested in the export trade, of groups which have gained concessions to valuable things in weaker countries, of capitalists who

* An address given before the World Federation of Educational Associations at Denver, July 28, 1931.—Editor The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have put money into properties or securities in countries not in a position to defy us. All the profit resulting from foreign trade, or investments, or concessions accrues to small groups of citizens, but all the cost of protecting them, of coercing independent nations, as well as the risk of war with other imperialistic Powers likewise alert in asserting and furthering the interests of similar groups of their own citizens, is borne by the entire body of people. It is a "heads I win, tails you lose" proposition. In no governmental sphere are the resources, even the lives, of the home-staying citizens so shamelessly and cynically risked or sacrificed as in the secret subserviency of foreign policy to the desires of little groups of great capitalists looking for easy money outside their homeland. If people who do not wish to be led like sheep into the shambles of modern warfare do not cease to put their trust in the wisdom, foresight, and purity of motive of their respective governments, they are doomed.

You will be told that the above goes for Japan and Great Britain and Germany and Soviet Russia, for every powerful government on earth, in fact, save only that of the United States. However, the pretense that this government has always played the role of a little innocent lamb can be maintained only with difficulty. To quote Professor Sloane, formerly president of the American Historical Association:

> Our own history since independence is an unbroken record of expansion and imperialism. Our contiguous territories have been acquired by compulsion, whether of war, or purchase, or occupation, or exchange. We have taken advantage of others' dire necessity in the case of Great Britain, France, Spain, Russia, and Mexico. To rectify our frontier we compelled the Gadsden purchase within the writer's lifetime. As to our non-contiguous possessions, we hold them by the right of conquest or revolution, salving our consciences with such cash indemnity as we ourselves have chosen to pay. . . . In no single instance of virtual annexation or protectorate have we consulted by popular vote either the desires of those inhabiting the respective territories annexed or the Hague Tribunal. In every case we have had one single plea and one only—self-interest.

A former chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs has pointed out that ". . . either our army or navy or both of them have been employed in forty-eight wars and warlike operations during seventy-nine years of the period from 1775-1927." The American government has landed troops on foreign soil on more than a hundred occasions during the last 115 years.

Out of the feelings fomented between the great peoples by governments and by certain financial groups has grown that monstrosity we may call "the military mind." This type of mind insists that:

1. *War is inevitable.* In 1928 Assistant Secretary of War Robbins said to the West Point graduating class: "Unhappily, in 10,000 years of recorded history we have made but small advance toward universal peace. It is something to be hoped for and prayed for but not something to be expected for many generations to come." Well, if warfare increases in deadliness and destructiveness at the rate the military experts expect, we shall not have "many generations" to make up our minds about it. The next world war is likely to overwhelm the participants in one common ruin. The head of the American Legion declares, "None of us wants war. As far as that goes none of us wants hurricanes"—implying that human wills have no more to do with the outbreak of wars than they have to do with the genesis of hurricanes!

2. *War is beneficial.* Dean Theodore J. Hoover of Stanford University, brother of President Hoover, insists: "The human race develops by war and succeeds in war in proportion to its use of metal. Races perish in peace. Culture is increased by the invention of new weapons. The pacifist errs in assuming that peace is desirable." If he believes this he ought to favor junking our Supreme Court and letting Illinois and Missouri fight out the issue of the polluting of the waters of the Mississippi by turning the sewage of Chicago into its tributary the Illinois River! What a pity, too, that Colorado and Kansas were not permitted to come to blows over the dispute as to the diversion of too much of the water of the Arkansas River to irrigate the fields of citizens of Colorado! For "the human race develops by war," Dean Hoover says, and of course we all want to "develop."

"The fact becomes plain," says Rear Admiral Fiske, retired, "to anyone who will consult the records that without the stimulus given by wars, the sciences and the arts and engineering, medicine, and surgery would hardly have been even started." Then we ought to welcome earthquakes, mine explosions, bridge collapses, Johnstown floods, and like catastrophes which put engineers, doctors, and surgeons on their mettle. If not enough of them happen of themselves, let us provide disasters artificially. What a pity that the digging of the Panama Canal, the building of Boulder Dam, Mississippi flood control, the harnessing of rivers to create electrical energy, the erection of skyscrapers, the building of ocean liners do not provide sufficient stimulus for "the sciences and the arts and engineering"!

3. *Preparedness to fight is the best guaranty of peace.* "The way to secure peace," says the Briton Winston Churchill, "is to be so much stronger than your enemy that he will not dare attack you." Now if this prescription is good for England, it should be good for England's neighbors; but if they should all follow it, they would be engaged in the impossible enterprise of each trying to make itself stronger than any of the others. One of our generals said to a New York audience: "If we had now or could get together . . . more tanks, airplanes, and munitions than any other country, and faster than any other country, we could lay our cards on the table and say, 'There is our hand, can you beat it?' and there would be no war." What does the gallant officer suppose other countries would be doing as they watched us assembling in frantic haste more lethal machinery than any of them had?

The militarist takes great credit to himself for never asking one penny for offense; he is only pleading that his country "put itself in a posture of defense." And who but a Communist or a "traitor in the pay of Moscow" can object to his country being prepared to protect itself if wantonly attacked? However, in the demands militarists all over the world are making upon their respective governments, every man, every gun is for "defense," not one for aggression! But if all the armies and fleets are for defense, against whom are we arming? In each particular case the shouters for stronger defense assume that the military heads

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of other nations are lying when they profess to be concerned only with national defense. But if we suspect them of lying, why shouldn't they equally suspect us of lying?

The militarist considers universal compulsory training of our young men in time of peace "the most important lesson of the war." Now a few years of universal military training would give us ten million soldiers. What defensive need have we for such myriads? If a nation so unget-at-able by land as ours shows itself apprehensive, what nation would dare reckon its need of soldiers less than that of the United States? So we should be leading the way to world-wide militarization in all nations, and for so doing should earn the hate Germany drew upon herself by incessantly "forcing the pace" of military and naval preparedness. So headfeeble are the militarists that never yet have I met with one who had given the slightest thought to the effect of our adoption of compulsory military training upon the "preparedness" policies of the rest of the world.

In the Driftway

DESPITE an interest in the modern girl, superheterodyne radio sets, and the quantum theory, the Drifter still delights in simple things. That is why he shares not at all the snobbery of many sophisticates toward those droves of blissful idiots who enrich the owners of our various Coney Islands. He has always, for that matter, flattered himself upon his ability to derive enjoyment without inquiring too minutely into its cosmic significance.

* * * * *

IT takes a little too much, however, to give the simplest American a thrill. If you really want to taste the fruits of simple pleasure, you must take yourself to some such land as France, and once there flee from Paris to the provinces. The Drifter, one day in Gascony, plunged headlong into the joys of a country fair. In a hamlet which donated even its sidewalks to the parking needs of mysterious auto trucks, every square, including the inevitable Place de la République, offered entertainment in a rich diversity. From miles around people had flocked to this magnetic area, coming in noisy little cars, high two-wheeled peasant carts, or, many of them, in diminutive wagons drawn by dusty little donkeys. Indeed, one of the chief satisfactions of this festival, it appeared, was the chance it gave to compare modes of locomotion; for invariably before returning homeward each family strolled back and forth in all the side alleys, chatting pleasantly, and not without occasional witticisms, about the dilapidated cushions of this pocket auto or the bright paint of that fine cart belonging—to M'sieur Belotier of Roc Rouge, did you say?

* * * * *

ALL the French are children. The young ones are the best-dressed children in the world, though of the old, at least in rural Gascony, nothing should be said on that score. But they all know how to have a happy time. The balloons that burst in a single day make you wonder what would happen to the rubber industry were it not for these French fairs. But balloons are reserved for the younger set, while the older boys and girls are charmed by the multitudinous slot-machines. And for those who approach, even here, the edge of urban sophistication, there is the "Statue de Liberté Fortune-Teller," the "Américain Luna Parck Hop La!" (these typographical errors are not the Drifter's), and the row of look-for-a-sou miniature cinemas revealing the secrets of "les Bandits de Chicago" along with the adventures of "les Mademoiselles d'Hollywood." Yet for those who crave more practical tilts with life, there are the vendors of cloth, watering pots, neckties, onions, jackplanes, harness, magic china cement, shoestrings, native pottery, sweet buns, cider, potted plants, bérets Basques, peanuts, donkey-packs, baskets *du pays,* and an infinite choice of candies that melt in the mouth—if they have not already melted before reaching it.

* * * * *

IF he had wanted to, the Drifter could have ridden on the *chevaux-de-bois,* selecting either Fendlair, Coco, Mignon, or Jim for steed, to the tune of Dvorak's "Humoresque" or Fanny Brice's favorite, "My Man." But this opportunity of a lifetime he blithely passed up, together with the "Majestic Lottery," "Boule Chinoise," the great speculating wheel "Au Grand Jeu de Bohème—Adieu, Ma Belle Marchandise!" and even "le Thermomètre d'Amour." What captivated the Drifter was the "Luges Sport," a contraption devised with devilish ingenuity, by which, on sleds going over a bumpy track and stopping gently (as a rule) on upgrade, you might speed down a declivity all of thirty feet for the ridiculous fee of ten centimes, two-fifths of a cent, per ride. It isn't every day that one lets go his *amour propre* to be a child in Gascony.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Caustic *Menorah*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial paragraph in your issue dated July 29 speaks of "the cynical *Menorah Journal.*" That is a strange adjective to apply to a publication noted for sincerity and seriousness in its discussion of Jewish and general questions. At any rate it was not the *Menorah Journal* speaking editorially that made the remark you quote. The quotation is from a columnist in the *Journal,* who writes his personal views under the nom de plume of "An Elder of Zion." And in fairness to the Elder it should be noted that your quotation omits (without indicating that there is any omission) a most important qualifying clause, which I put in italics in the following corrected sentence: "Now, *if we are to believe the recently adopted new Z. O. A.* [Zionist Organization of America] *program,* a Zionist is a man who invests his money in Palestine and runs home to West End Avenue to wait for his eight-per-cents to start rolling in."

I imagine the Elder—the old fellow is far from a cynic, however mordant his pen—had in mind something of what your paragrapher well goes on to suggest, namely, the need of facing the whole issue of Zionism once more—of facing it with most thoroughgoing thought and plain talk, without regard for political Zionist organizations and American corporations aiming to develop Jewish interests in Palestine through private investments. Deeper than that, indeed, is the question with which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your paragrapher concludes, though Zionism is of course bound up with it: "What is Judaism?"

In every issue of the *Menorah Journal* these matters are discussed—often caustically, but not cynically.

New York, July 27 HENRY HURWITZ,
Editor the *Menorah Journal*

[We are glad to substitute the adjective "caustic" for "cynical" as applied to the *Menorah,* though we meant no insult by the latter term, the word cynical being sometimes equivalent to "intelligent." The responsibility of a magazine for an anonymous column, appearing as a monthly feature and written by one of the editors whose name appears on the masthead of the journal, is a nice question in editorial ethics. For the typographical omission we apologize. In any case we must express our belief once more that the caustic comment of the editor of the *Menorah Journal* and his Elder in Zion are among the most realistic and stimulating discussions of Zionist problems we have met—sometimes we should even call them intelligently cynical.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

A Successful Conference

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I like to read *The Nation,* I like to write for it, I like to agree with it (when I can) and still more to disagree with it when it grumblingly misinterprets public events. *The Nation* has described the London conference as a failure. This was a slight error. The London conference was a great success and bridged one of the most dangerous chasms which the world has ever faced.

Germany, the embarrassed debtor, had steadily become more and more hard up. Whether because of excessive reparations or for other reasons, the acuteness of her plight had become so plain to the world that Mr. Hoover had been able to persuade the difficult Republican and more difficult Democratic leaders of Congress that Germany must be given a respite, and had thereupon forced through the one-year moratorium on reparations. But the delay of Paris had seriously weakened the effect of this act, lately hailed by *The Nation* as "Mr. Hoover's great action." Hence the panicky flight from the mark began.

Has not *The Nation* an ounce of credit to give Mr. Hoover for foreseeing that such a storm might break? Why otherwise were Messrs. Stimson and Mellon in Europe at just the critical moment? Prior to the London conference there had been talk of a $500,000,000 long-time loan, but France had declared that she would participate therein only if she got "political appeasements," which meant such demands on Germany as her leaders dared not grant even if they were willing to do so. Therefore a long-time loan was impossible, since it could not be obtained if France declined to participate. Mr. Hoover's problem was not only to write a prescription which would not require the approval of the Senate, but one which France, as well as the other European nations, would have to swallow—and with apparent enthusiasm—whether they liked it or not. This meant that he was obliged to make a proposal so moderate, so fair, so simple that the world could comprehend it, that no one could dare to refuse to accept it.

Instead of proposing a new loan—which could not have been obtained—he asked only that the governments join in requesting holders of the billion and a quarter dollars' worth of short-time German maturities to extend forbearance until a far-reaching, constructive plan could be worked out by the Bank for International Settlements. Here was a request so moderate that neither decent men nor decent governments could—the eyes of the world being on them—refuse to grant it. Even a child could comprehend what Mr. Hoover proposed.

So it was that the seven-power conference asked the citizens and banks not only of their own countries but of the entire world not to press for collection of German claims. This was all they did. Was it, as you seem to claim, an empty gesture? By no means. They made a mere request; but the world's opinion being behind that request, it has had more than the force of law. Though not backed by armies or courts or sovereigns or senates (and that is one of its great merits), it justifies any steps Germany may take by moratorium or otherwise to prevent the continued flight from the mark and to compel extension of credits until panic may subside and a real and far-reaching plan is evolved. And this has been the effect of the conference.

Why, then, is *The Nation* disgruntled? Why does it call the London conference a failure? Did it want the London conference to get tangled in the barbed wire of politics while trying to work out a new loan? Did it want Hitlerism or communism in Germany? Does not *The Nation* realize how easy it would have been for that conference to have tabled the whole matter with nothing but the appointment of so-called experts to spend months in diagnosing the condition of the patient while the patient gasped for breath? Chancellor Brüning, far from returning to Berlin "empty-handed," as *The Nation* declares, went back to Germany enabled as a result of the London conference to take such measures that within less than two weeks thereafter the banks have reopened, and today (August 6) deposits are far exceeding withdrawals.

Hence the seven-power conference, by Mr. Hoover's appeal to the decencies of mankind, has definitely accomplished an immense result. While it may be an overstatement to claim that it has lifted the clouds which overhang this frightened world, the outcome of the London discussions, if followed up in a like spirit by the committee of the Bank of International Settlements, may well prove the most notable forward step toward real world peace and security achieved since Armistice Day.

New York, August 6 JAMES N. ROSENBERG

[We regret that the information in our possession and our interpretation of what has happened in Germany make it impossible for us to agree with Mr. Rosenberg.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Miners Need Legal Aid

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Why Must the Miners Starve" is the story of the Pennsylvania-Ohio miners told by Mauritz A. Hallgren in *The Nation* of July 29, and it is, indeed, a moving one. After reading that article, can anyone wonder why the miners have been forced to go on strike? Some of the things mentioned by Mr. Hallgren on police terror dovetail into the findings of an investigating committee headed by Theodore Dreiser which has studied this mine field. Mr. Hallgren, for example, said:

> [Strikers] are forced daily to face a silent reign of terror. . . . In the picket lines [they] must walk meekly and silently if they do not want the hickory club of a deputy sheriff brought down on their heads. (A goodly number of the notorious Coal and Iron Police have been lately rehired as deputy sheriffs in western Pennsylvania).

The Dreiser committee's report supplements this by showing that to date three miners have been killed, one while defending his wife from bullets on his own porch, and another who was only sixteen years old; that over 1,000 miners have been herded into jail; that efforts have been made to destroy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the strike by arresting the most active workers; that 35 miners have been severely wounded; that more than 2,000 men, women, and children have been gassed, clubbed, and ridden down by horses of the State police; and that over 3,000 families have had eviction notices served on them.

In defending these victimized miners the International Labor Defense has an enormous job on its hands. Funds are urgently needed. Send your contribution to Miners' Defense Fund, Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

J. Louis Engdahl,
General Secretary International Labor Defense

New York, July 27

Challenge to *The Nation*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an excellent editorial paragraph in your issue of July 29, you say: "And that we may consider ourselves fortunate then if we still have our capitalist social organizations unaltered?" My criticism is based on your evident lack of any defined goal in your social and economic theory. You seem to come to the point of consummation and then flop. In my opinion we may consider ourselves damned if after continued suffering we do find our capitalist social order unaltered. Many of us who did not agree with you in supporting the Democratic candidate for President held our peace even though we considered it a compromise. Attempts at patching up or "civilizing" our capitalist system to obtain a measure of success are as shortsighted as was support of Al Smith and doomed to as great a failure.

Surely we have evidence enough to convince the intelligent that our profit-seeking system is the cause of our social troubles. Also, we have evidence of the success of the Communist system in Russia, and of the inevitable conflict between these two systems. I wonder if, when the conflict between these two systems becomes more intense, you will give your support to those who are crying "beasts of Russia," "baby-killers," etc., or if you will define your principles as Romain Rolland has. There can be no compromise.

Minneapolis, July 30 J. W. Baker

A Workers' Theater

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Several dramatic groups in New York City—namely, the Young Circle League of the Workmen's Circle, the Young People's Socialist League, the Rand School, various groups of the Socialist Party and the labor unions, several Negro dramatic groups of Harlem, Brookwood Labor College—have banded together to form the Workers' Theater in order to carry out a twofold purpose. The first is to reach a working-class audience that is unapproachable by the commercial theater; and to impart to that audience a definite message of a class-conscious social ideal. The second is to produce plays with the aid of those young men and women who as amateurs are anxious to express their social philosophy in a true dramatic form.

With these objects we are in need of all sorts and types of labor plays. Will those people who possess or who know of such plays please communicate with me at 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York.

We should also like to hear from other labor dramatic groups throughout the country.

New York, July 25 Samuel Rothenberg

Criticism and Facts

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation* comes to our library regularly. I appreciate your courtesy in sending me a marked copy of the issue of June 24 containing the editorial paragraph on the granting of master's degrees by the College of Puget Sound. I do not know where you got your information, but I judge it came from the press.

Since you have offered your criticism, possibly you would appreciate having the facts. The two subjects you mention were offered, but both of them were rejected by our committee on graduate work. The two candidates were required to rewrite their theses. One was able to do so before commencement and received his degree. The other will need to take another year. By this you will notice that the College of Puget Sound is not so worthy of blame as your paragraph implied.

Edward H. Todd,
President College of Puget Sound

Tacoma, Washington, July 28

The Polish Corridor

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to draw the attention of your readers to one of the most serious sins of omission in the calculations concerning the financial adjustment of Germany. Even if President Hoover's generous and wise plan had not suffered from French sabotage, it would merely have postponed the catastrophe for another year, unless the principal causes of the German and general European plight were removed. One of these causes, if not the most decisive one, is the Polish Corridor involving the division of Upper Silesia. Ever since Germany's impossible eastern frontier was devised by an Allied commission under control of the French General Staff, experts have been pointing out the fact that the Corridor, with all its political, economic, and financial implications, will not allow Germany to recover, or Germany and Poland ever to live in peace. No amount of credit to the Reich's treasury will be able to fill the open gap on her eastern frontier. The Corridor problem must be settled before the economists and financiers can expect Germany to pay her debts.

Seefeld, Tyrol, July 19 Otto E. Lessing

William Vaughn Moody

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been told that there are many letters in existence, not yet published, written by the poet-dramatist William Vaughn Moody—my brother—whose untimely death in 1910 was considered a distinct calamity in the field of American letters.

I greatly desire to trace these letters for possible use in one or the other of two books on my brother's life ("Early Years" and "Later Years") now in hand. If original letters are sent, I will copy and return them promptly by registered mail. I shall also be very grateful for copies of letters, and for reminiscences or any data that may add color and interest to my books.

Julia Moody Schmalz

Mountain Lakes, N. J., July 17

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Films

Song

By EVAN SHIPMAN

Water, do you reach to the stars?
Death, do you reach to the stars?
Singing water soon will I know
Whether the winds that with your current blow
Caress at length Death's bars.

For cause, O facile bars, let down.
Water where darker waters drown
Take me where the wind and little light
Shudder around this swooning death at night;
Not death, but as the star's light tortuously, down, down.

Mr. Huxley Settles Down

Music at Night, and Other Essays. By Aldous Huxley. New York: The Fountain Press. Edition limited to 842 copies, each copy signed by the author. $10.

ALDOUS HUXLEY is Settling Down. He has sown his intellectual wild oats and has made up his mind to do something Constructive. So, at least, one is driven to conclude from his recent volumes of essays. True, he still has the reputation of being a blastingly cynical young man. One would think, judging by most of the references to him that still find their way into print, that his own point of view was that of the restless, standardless, rudderless, drinking, fornicating characters he seems so fond of depicting in his fiction. But if we assume that his attitude toward his characters was ever merely that of amused cynicism, it seems gradually to have become that of the moralist. He is less a twentieth-century Congreve than a twentieth-century Hogarth; his characters, in the light of his recent books, become just so many horrible examples, so many warnings. An attitude long implicit in his fiction, for example, and made explicit in previous essays, is expanded once more in the present volume in the essay called Obstacle Race. The thesis of this essay is simply that life loses its zest when the obstacles are removed, and that the cause of so much contemporary boredom is that the ancient hurdles, set up by the old conventions and taboos, have been rapidly disappearing. Science, he holds, must take the place of religion and superstition in this respect: "If the science is genuinely scientific, it will prescribe the setting up, here and there, of quite fantastic obstacles. . . . 'Here,' it will say, 'you must plant an irrational prohibition, here a preposterous taboo, here a whole series of frankly anti-biological impediments.'" Now one may agree entirely with Mr. Huxley on the need of obstacles, without thereby agreeing at all that such obstacles must be either artificial or irrational. In deploring the tedium that soon follows from "flat racing," Mr. Huxley, there is more than one reason for believing, is thinking mainly of the gradual disappearance, or at least the gradual lowering, of impediments in the realm of sex. But it seems to me that there are entirely rational arguments, and that it is therefore not necessary to set up anything but thoroughly rational obstacles, against, for example, sexual promiscuity. And I believe Mr. Huxley would think so too, if he merely took the trouble to make himself consistent. For one should not, as he does, at one moment indorse D. H. Lawrence's attitude toward sex, and then at another hold that it may be necessary once more for us to consider the sexual act as intrinsically sinful if we want to restore our full enjoyment of it. Nor does this position seem consistent with the kind of confession of personal tastes that appears in the essay called Squeak and Gibber:

> One of the stock arguments in favor of Platonic and Christian immortality is this: if there were no future life, or at any rate no belief in a future life, men would be justified in behaving like animals and, being justified, would all incontinently start taking the advice of Horace and the Preacher to do nothing but swill, guzzle, and copulate. Even a man of Dostoevski's intelligence oracularly affirms that "all things would be permitted" if there were no such thing as immortality. These moralists seem to forget that there are many human beings who simply don't want to pass their lives eating, drinking, and being merry, or, alternatively, like Russian heroes, raping, murdering, and morally torturing their friends. The deadly tedium of the Horatian and the nauseating unpleasantness of the Dostoevskian life would be quite enough, survival or no survival, to keep me at any rate (in these matters one can only speak for oneself) unswervingly in the narrow way of domestic duty and intellectual labor. For the narrow way commands an incomparably wider and, so far as I am concerned, an incomparably fairer prospect than the primrose path; fulfilled domestic duties are a source of happiness, and intellectual labor is rewarded by the most intense delights.

Such inconsistencies, it must be confessed, are comparatively rare in Mr. Huxley's work; perhaps most of those that make their appearance are the result of the fact that his own position has been gradually shifting; and when one's philosophy shifts like this, it has a way of doing so, not as a whole, but in fragments, with a good deal of backing and filling. Thus Mr. Huxley's present position seems curiously poised between the sheer derision of a Mencken and the almost entirely serious attitude of a Laski or a Lippmann; on any given subject he is likely to break out in either direction. Thus on his serious and "responsible" side he can deliver terrific blows at the cult of lowbrowism reflected in such writers as Hemingway, or at the "new romanticism" which worships collectivism and the machine; while he can still achieve his old cynical effects by juxtaposing, for example, physiology and mysticism: "Mme Guyon's ecstasies were most frequent and most spiritually significant in the fourth month of her pregnancies."

Mr. Huxley, in short, can still play with ideas, but the game takes on an increasing sobriety.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Enemy's Secret Code

The American Black Chamber. By Herbert O. Yardley. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

MAJOR YARDLEY'S book is having an extraordinary and deserved success which can only be partly a *succès de scandale.* The fact that the truth of what he tells has been aspersed by high authorities at Washington certainly heightens the interest of his narrative, but on any grounds his book is one of the most entertaining of the many "now it can be told" volumes that have appeared off and on since 1919.

The government bureau of which he writes was a part of the Military Intelligence Division of the United States army. It came into being in 1917 and was discontinued in 1929 by Secretary of State Stimson, whose department financed the work after the war. Stimson's action was based on moral dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approval of the work done. Yardley and his assistants undertook to decipher all coded dispatches submitted to them, as well as any other documents or papers, together with papers suspected of carrying messages in secret inks, and the like. They also constructed codes and performed other related tasks. In this way they served the Department of State, the army, the navy, and the Department of Justice. Yardley seems to hold the army men in highest esteem and to think little of the diplomats, especially Walter Hines Page.

The interest of "The American Black Chamber" is many-sided. It has all the interest of Poe's "Gold Bug" and similar ratiocinative yarns. It should fascinate crossword puzzlers, anagramers, and similar folk. It has meat for detective- and spy-story readers. But to me it is most important for the sidelights it gives on diplomatic practice. The essence of diplomacy has been and still, alas, continues to be, in spite of Woodrow Wilson, secrecy. One of the many devices resorted to by diplomats in their assiduous pursuit of secrecy is the use of codes. Their fellow-patriots, the spies and "secret agents," also use codes and secret inks. But just as national states have dignified diplomats into gentlemen and spies into heroes, so they have decorated with medals and more intangible honors the men who devote themselves to solving the codes and bringing the secret writings to the light of day. Yardley remarks that his work was largely destructive, for he spent most of his time for sixteen years prying into the secrets of enemies and friends of this country by destroying the secrecy they sought through codes. "We solved," he writes, "over forty-five thousand cryptograms from 1917 to 1929, and at one time or another we broke the codes of Argentine, Brazil, Chile, China, Costa Rica, Cuba, England, France, Germany, Japan, Liberia, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Russia, San Salvador, Santo Domingo, Soviet Union, and Spain."

Yardley's period of greatest activity was during the war and the peace conference, and his last spurt was during the Washington disarmament conference. His stories of the struggles his bureau had with the German cryptographers and chemists is highly diverting. As one might expect, the Germans had the edge on the Allies when it came to secret inks, because of their great proficiency in chemistry. They also were exceedingly expert in devising codes. But with astonishing celerity each group canceled the edge of the other and the final issue was perilously near a stalemate. It is impossible to reproduce Yardley's stories here, and I cannot say that any of them strike me as especially significant. They are wonderful examples of human ingenuity, but that is all.

On the other hand Yardley's account of his work after the war is full of significance. By prying into the dispatches of England and Japan he and his helpers were able materially to assist the American diplomats at the Washington conference, and by publishing some of the documents he deciphered Major Yardley has performed a service to history. It appears that neither England nor Japan came to the conference with any great sincerity of purpose, but that to them the whole affair was simply one more chance to dicker and trade and avoid discussing fundamentals as far as possible. And it was Yardley's work that let the Americans know that Japan would eventually, after a fight, accept the famous ten-six ratio.

The career that Yardley made for himself might be adduced as proof of the maxim that one's hobby is sometimes more important than one's vocation. For when he was a subordinate clerk in the State Department he became interested in cryptography and spent his time puzzling over coded dispatches without benefit of the keys provided to the authorized decoders. He pursued his researches with all the avidity of the true amateur and his book shows that nothing remotely connected with the science escaped his notice. He tells us that Edgar Allan Poe knew next to nothing about cryptography and that Voltaire's opinions on the subject were nonsense. The study of cryptography was already highly developed in Europe long before the outbreak of the war, but no one in America could pretend to expertness. Yardley therefore started his researches from scratch, and it is immensely to his credit that after sixteen years of labor he retired at the top of his profession. He had "cipher brains." If we may generalize from his case, it appears that a cryptographer must possess powers of imagination and analysis to an unusual degree. He must also be exceedingly patient and ingenious. And he must be methodical. Even when Yardley seems to attribute his success to inspiration it is perfectly clear that the true explanation is that his vast stores of information suddenly "precipitated." It is amusing to observe that his mental processes were closely related to those of mathematicians and scientific workers generally.

As to the morality of much of Yardley's type of work there is room for at least two opinions. Either one can take Stimson's dogmatic view that it is wrong or one can hold that as long as diplomacy remains secret it is right—that it is necessary and will continue to be so as long as the national state with its dubious ambitions lasts. The destruction of Yardley's bureau leaves this country pretty much at the mercy of the more realistic foreign governments that still support cryptographers. The existence of these men is an open secret. Every Foreign Office knows that its dispatches are scrutinized by both friends and enemies, and the wonder is that diplomats ever take the risk of committing their secrets to the tender mercies of foreign cryptographers. Certainly without a man like Yardley in service America is just a tender lamb among the wolves. The American State Department is at once the most autocratic and the most bungling of all the government departments. Such successes as it does chalk up are attributable not to skill and resourcefulness but to the economic strength of the country it represents to the world.

C. Hartley Grattan

Music in America

Our American Music: Three Hundred Years of It. By John Tasker Howard. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $6.

At once a history, a critical commentary, and a biographical dictionary, Mr. Howard's stout volume is the most nearly complete work on the subject of American music that we now possess. Although it was his original intention to write only about the music that has been composed in this country, he was inevitably drawn into the current of musical activities. No reader will regret this, for some of the liveliest pages are those describing scenes and personalities, and these passages offset the dryness of occasional stretches that have the brevity of a catalogue.

Structurally, this valuable reference book is divided into three parts: Euterpe in the Wilderness (1620-1800), Euterpe Clears the Forest (1800-1860), and Euterpe Builds Her American Home (1860 to the present). The style varies from a prosaic flatness in factual sections to a genial humor when the author lets himself go. Considering the large amount of material presented and the days of labor which must have gone into its selection and arrangement, one is struck with admiration at Mr. Howard's high spirits in the actual writing. Dull he undeniably is at times, but that is when he is buried in data.

Reminding us that the new is ever old, he discloses our first modernist composer in the person of William Billings of Boston, who wrote in 1778 a completely discordant piece entitled "Jargon," prefacing it with a manifesto which might, with a few changes, be applied to the music of George Antheil. Coming down to 1853, we meet another forerunner, not a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mere composer this time, but a conductor-composer who knew all the tricks of showmanship. Louis Antoine Jullien directed classical symphonies with a jeweled baton held in a white-gloved hand, and wrote a "Firemen's Quadrille" which called for a burst of artificial flames from the ceiling of the concert hall, and the irruption of three companies of firemen dragging dripping hose.

With entertaining matter of this kind Mr. Howard enlivens a record that has its very staid and decorous moments. He has schemed, not in vain, to spare his readers all the tedium he can. He fills the dual role of a conscientious compiler and a considerate cicerone. Save on those occasions when he gives up in despair and reels off names of men and opuses in a monotone, he essays judgments on the artistic output he passes in review. That his comments are more often kindly approbative than keenly critical is not surprising.

With his estimates of composers one need not be in accord, as, for example, when he assigns eleven pages to Ethelbert Nevin and only three to Arthur Foote. Many a reader too will note the omissions from the chapter on contemporary composers. Without any particular racking of memory, I can think of at least ten whose names are missing. But the overlooking of a few in so large a field was well-nigh unavoidable. Absolute perfection in a work of such laborious detail would have been little short of a miracle. RAY C. B. BROWN

Tully Rounds It Out

Blood on the Moon. By Jim Tully. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

THIS is the fifth and, according to his preface, the last volume of Jim Tully's rambling autobiography. Coming after "Beggars of Life," "Circus Parade," "Shanty Irish," and "Shadows of Men," it rounds out the best and most complete series of studies of a passing phase of the American underworld that we have had. Jack London was on the road only a few months. Edward Dahlberg, who in "Bottom Dogs" wrote a powerful book, did not touch on any of the professional aspects of underworld life. His protagonist was only a waif. Harry Kemp was the roving poet as self-conscious about seeing "life" as the bumming college student. Josiah Flynt, to whom Tully gives the palm, I do not know. But except for Flynt, Tully alone knew the life as a bona fide part of it, as road kid, hobo worker, itinerant pugilist, and finally as struggling writer. It took Tully ten years to get his first book published. He is still growing. He writes better with each volume. Only Tully knows how much guts it has taken to develop his writing gifts to the point where he can produce such a book as this. There never was a tramp of any kind with some smattering of education, I suppose, who did not plan to write a book about himself some day. Tully was willing to struggle ten years in order to arrive.

Of course he sees the world through pink spectacles—in spite of the sordidly realistic parts of his books; of course he is a romantic egotist; of course he is an Irish sentimentalist; and of course he is an unmitigated story-teller—in a double sense. But he is at the same time essentially a passionately sincere story-teller with an imagination controlled, if by nothing else, by a fine sense for the value in his material.

In some respects this last volume, although it is less ambitious, is the best of the series. It is more than well written—it contains a generous amount of that enchantment which is always to be found in the Tully autobiographies. In form it consists of a series of stories, ranging the years chronologically, about Tully's early life from the orphan-home days to the beginning of his literary career. Its part in the series is to pick up loose threads left over from the four other books and fill in some of the gaps. I cannot imagine anyone who has a sound head and a decent heart reading Book II unmoved or without admiration. In these last hundred and fifty pages the author has achieved a fitting climax to his work.

The days that Tully writes of have passed. The whole aspect of the road and of the shifting underworld has changed and is continuing to change with increasing rapidity. That is one reason why this work of his is a valuable contribution. Meanwhile, one's curiosity grows as to the nature and quality of the future books of a different order which Jim Tully promises us. FRED T. MARSH

Man Makes a World

Modern Civilization on Trial. By C. Delisle Burns. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

DR. DELISLE BURNS has, to an unusual degree, the gift of lucid exposition. This gift is used with excellent effect in this, one of his best books. It was Professor Alfred Zimmern who declared that all pre-war political theory would have to be rewritten. Dr. Delisle Burns gives point to that remark. His theory does not float in the air. It is related to what he terms "modernity" and to the "new industrial revolution," with its large-scale methods of production and its new demands upon intelligence. He confronts us with a tiny, buzzing world—our world—which it is possible to circumnavigate by air in ten days; where a number equal to the entire population of the United States visits the picture theaters in that country every week, and where, even in Japan, the yearly attendance at the cinema is twice the population of the country; where in many an African district gramophones are to be found in almost every large hut; where radio sends a message round the globe in a few seconds. He insists that these facts are of as much significance for political theory as the propositions and ideals of Plato and Aristotle.

Inevitably the customs and demands of European-American civilization impinge upon the habits of primitive peoples, impinge upon the traditions of the Orient. Dr. Delisle Burns devotes two chapters to discussing the resultant problems. He quotes André Gide's description of a gang of hostages in French Congo, taken because an African village had failed to supply the requisite number of porters for forced labor demanded by the administration, "escorted by guards armed with five-thonged whips, a line of fifteen women and two men, tied by the necks with the same rope." The arrival of civilization appears to wear much the same aspect in 1927 as it did in the sixteenth-century Peru of Pizarro. The degradation of the industrial revolution of the West has been reproduced and emphasized in the East and especially in factories controlled by Oriental employers. To this extent the world does not change. Slowly, however, the new technological forces, when intelligently directed, are making their influence felt. The notion slowly makes headway that social institutions and social health or lack of it are not in the nature of things, like the climate, but are capable of being controlled and improved. The cinema gives peasant populations sight of other methods of life than their own. For good and for evil it is an immense dissolvent force. In India villagers are instructed in agricultural methods by radio. The result is a change in the entire outlook on civilization. As that very distinguished Chinese, Dr. Hu Shih, has said, "For me that civilization is materialistic which is limited by matter and incapable of transcending it. . . . Moral technology is highly spiritual because it seeks, through human ingenuity and intelligence, to relieve human energy from the unnecessary hardships of life and to provide for it the necessary conditions for the enjoyment of life."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The effect, however, of the new technology and of the related spirit of modernity is not solely, or even primarily, upon remote civilizations and peoples. The chief issue is within our own borders. The characteristic quality of these new influences is mobility. There are, on the other side, forces with which Dr. Delisle Burns has as little sympathy, which stand for immobility. This spirit results in South Africa in refusal to allow a native to travel more than a few miles without a permit. In Europe "politicians and business men are attempting to modernize the old village pump; the majority still believe in the old pump; and an antiquated history and an absolute sentimentalism are decorating it. . . . But what we want is a new water supply." Dr. Delisle Burns's outlook is broadly that of H. G. Wells, but with talk of an international aristocracy with its own tradition—a samurai—and with most of the discussion of the revision of democracy left out. Dr. Delisle Burns admits that the insurgence of nationalism and the rise of dictatorships are modern-enough phenomena. He points out, however, that dictatorships have arisen exclusively in the more backward parts of Europe and that, by the actual measurable tests of advance in health and literacy, the lands under dictatorship do not compare well with democracies. To put it bluntly, dictators, despite their noise, do not "deliver the goods." They do, however, stand for the forces of localism, insulation, and immobility. Aldous Huxley, speaking for the modern spirit, has rediscovered the Fall, but not Salvation. Dr. Delisle Burns, also speaking for this spirit, brushes aside alike the pensive Huxleys and the activist Mussolinis. He provides us, with singular charm and persuasiveness, with an announcement of practical salvation, into which all men of good-will can enter. He has the courage to undertake the long overdue criticism of polite and classical standards. "What is in a decline is not the modern world, but traditional criticism." He argues that our world, steadily becoming smaller, is one in which cooperation is now imperative. The machines are on his side. This is an extraordinarily competent exposition of political modernism, full of good things, which those who may disagree with internationalism can least afford to neglect.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

The Autobiography of a State

Vermont Verse. Edited by Walter John Coates and Frederick Tupper.

Vermont Folk Songs and Ballads. Edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown.

Vermonters: A Book of Biographies. Edited by Walter H. Crockett.

Vermont Prose. Edited by Arthur Wallace Peach and Harold G. Rugg. Brattleboro, Vermont: Stephen Daye Press. Each $1.50.

THIS four-volume series of anthologies has been printed as a major project of the Committee of Traditions and Ideals organized in 1929 under the Vermont Commission on Country Life. The attempt of the editors and the advisory board of literary artists is to present the "musings and thought of a State."

Such a project is worth while as social history and as a background for the social criticism of literature, but writings so collected are likely to prove of very little artistic merit. The only one of these books which will be read and highly valued by many readers is the collection of "Vermont Folk Songs and Ballads." This particular volume adds many new examples to our collection of American balladry. Among these there are new versions of old ballads and a few completely new broadsides and songs which have grown up as a result of events occurring within the State of Vermont itself. The work of collecting has been done by a great many ardent students of old songs, but all the collectors have worked under the same general system and the results are authentic. The book is a fine one.

The "Biographies" will prove more interesting to Vermonters than to the general reader. Only a few famous names are included: the inevitable Calvin Coolidge, and Robert Frost, of course. The most interesting and illuminating material is to be found in the biographies of such pioneers as Ethan Allen and Walter H. Crockett. Here is vivid history.

Vermont prose has little greatness until it draws upon the writings of such a visitor as Rudyard Kipling, who spent a winter in Vermont after his marriage to a Vermont woman. Nor is Vermont poetry very exciting save for the genius of Robert Frost, but "that has made all the difference."

EDA LOU WALTON

Southern Labor's Challenge

When Southern Labor Stirs. By Tom Tippett. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

THE recounting of the stories of the first great strikes in the South during its present period of rapid industrialization facilitates the understanding of the labor problem in that new industrial empire. Tom Tippett is one of the few persons who have passed through the strategic struggles at Elizabethton, Gastonia, Marion, and Danville. He is that envied reporter who has been sufficiently on the inside to acquire a realistic approach to the strikes he describes and sufficiently on the outside to be able to make an appraisal of them not shot full of prejudice. Now he has set down his observations, and enlivened the text with a generous number of illustrations.

Except for the strike at Gastonia, North Carolina, the revolts of Southern wage-earners have been officially under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor. At Gastonia the fight was led by the National Textile Workers, which incidentally is not "a union affiliated with the Communist Party" as Mr. Tippett describes it, though it is under Communist control. At Elizabethton, Tennessee, the A. F. of L. was invited by the workers to take charge after the strike had occurred. At Marion, North Carolina, the mill operatives called in an organizer of the A. F. of L. union, the United Textile Workers, to conduct an organization campaign for them, and soon the U. T. W. found itself with an unwelcome strike on its hands. At Danville, Virginia, the United Textile Workers, upon the request of the discontented employees, had an opportunity to prepare the ground for the kind of battle it preferred by months of agitation. Yet all these strikes were failures. Employers did not distinguish between Communists with their class-struggle philosophy and adherents of the A. F. of L. with their preachments of class collaboration. Judges imprisoned strikers, policemen and troops beat them up and shot them, and middle-class elements maltreated them, no matter what the political beliefs of their leaders. This is one lesson of the Southern rebellions that Mr. Tippett points out.

There is another moral to be drawn from the recent industrial disputes below Mason and Dixon's line. Victory will not come to the workers without adequate mobilization of all labor's resources before, during, and after strikes. Danville saw the most careful plans laid before the outbreak of hostilities, but the insufficient relief that the trade-union movement and its friends could summon finally defeated the strikers. At Gastonia the red hysteria nullified the efforts of all the Communists' ramifying publicity, defense, and relief auxiliaries. At Elizabethton and Marion the United Textile Workers could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not cope with the financial burden thrust upon them, and when the strikes were liquidated nothing was done to preserve the morale and organization to prepare for a better fight. The same thing seems to be occurring in Danville. Standing out from the distressing account of the deficiency of the American Federation of Labor in militancy and farsightedness is the glorious work of the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief and other groups.

Mr. Tippett's narrative might have been more rousing and more colorful had he been less restrained in his criticisms, but his soberness makes his analysis all the more challenging to the organized labor movement, which is thus called upon to meet its responsibilities in the South with intelligence, idealism, and hard cash.

LOUIS STANLEY

Changing Japan

Economic Aspects of the History of Civilization of Japan. By Yosoburo Takekoshi. The Macmillan Company. Three volumes. $16.50.

Japan's Economic Position. By John E. Orchard, with the Collaboration of Dorothy Johnson Orchard. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $5.

Realism in Romantic Japan. By Miriam Beard. The Macmillan Company. $5.

FROM ancient times to the present the Japanese have been exceptionally clever in adapting foreign civilizations to their needs, and peculiarly successful, through every change, in preserving a Japanese national spirit. Chinese and Korean cultures first furnished the borrowed elements; now Western civilization is offering models to Japan. An instinct for change native to the race is shown in all three of the works listed here.

Yosoburo Takekoshi is the Japanese author of three volumes of economic history. This work could never have been written by a foreigner, even granting he knew the language for source materials and had become well acquainted with the scene during one lifetime. For there is a wealth of intangible racial material present. The author was well equipped for the task by previous experience in historical research. (At the age of thirty-one he published "2,500 Years of History.") Writing in English, at the age of fifty-three and out of a rich background of Japanese life, Mr. Takekoshi not only knows the history of Japan thoroughly, but also the history of other countries on which he makes comparative remarks. These volumes were written, or rather compiled, from the original archives, by enormous financial backing, numerous workers, and competent assistance of every kind.

It is history from the economic viewpoint. The first cause of history, says the author, is an economic one. Thus the work is divided into seven political epochs, showing the economic evolution of Japan. Mr. Takekoshi begins Japanese history—as do all sober historians—by dating from 300 A.D. and deriving from Chinese and Korean sources. The first period (to 956) marks the rise of the imperial family to central power. The second period, extending into the twelfth century, treats of the modification of Chinese codes, of the destructive effects of civil wars upon the social institutions of Japan, and of the development of a feudal system. The third period (to 1350), one of comparative peace and social stability under the feudal system, is shown to culminate in the power of a military class. The fourth period (1350-1550), the time of the opening up of the country to foreign trade with the Portuguese, the Chinese, and the Koreans, the author has likened to the period of the merchant guilds in Europe. The fifth period (1567-98) covers the life of the rude military leader, Hideyoshi, who unified the country, made reforms in the free-trade policy, and took a land census. (*Hideyoshi invaded Korea and was repulsed by the use of a primitive submarine, invented by Koreans at this time.*) The sixth period, lasting 270 years, includes the collapse of the Shogunate and the rise of the agricultural classes. The seventh period, or the *Meigi* (from 1867 to modern times), the author scarcely touches.

Since this work is so important—never before has Japanese history been presented with such authority to the West—it is unfortunate that it was written under the auspices of the most powerful statesmen of Japan and by a man himself a defeated political candidate. His object in writing the book was a patriotic one, that of educating Europe to appreciate Japan. Thus the good things and the bright side of Japanese civilization are held up to the light exclusively, and the dark terrible things, such as are to be found certainly in any race's history, are uniformly covered up. The author does not mention the forcible transportation of Korean artists and craftsmen during the sixteenth century, which was very important to Japan economically. Nor the savagery of the mound of ears and noses brought back from an invading expedition and commemorated in a lasting monument. The Chinese and Korean names, it must also be added, are given no consistent spelling, some being rendered into Japanese, while others are not, so that the reader is confused.

Professor Orchard in his book deals with Japan since the modernization by Western influence. He discusses the question of population in Japan, which has been increasing at the rate of 900,000 annually since the fall of the Shogunate, and he suggests birth control as a possible solution, citing the views of several Japanese as favorable. But in my opinion his views are utopian, and he does not understand Japan if he considers that at present a possibility under state sanction. He does not think that Japan can be a rival to the great Occidental Powers owing to an important lack of fuel and iron. He is unfortunate when he touches the Korean and Manchurian situations, for he has gained his information through propagandist papers in Japan, without investigation, and relies entirely on them. He too uses the Japanese names for Chinese and Korean places. Professor Orchard, with his wife as collaborator, prepared his study under the auspices of the University Council for Research in the Social Sciences of Columbia University. He has traveled extensively, doing an enormous amount of research and making a great many statistics. But of necessity he has used books and periodicals published in English almost exclusively as source material, so that it seems likely that anybody as industrious as Mr. Orchard could have written this book in America without going to the Orient. It is to his credit however that he seems to have utilized virtually everything published in English and has reduced i tto compact form in this book.

Miss Beard has also read extensively on Japan in English translation and has a substantial knowledge of Western civilization obtained from the standard books, on which she draws in her running account. She shows a keen appreciation of Japanese art, geisha dancing, the *No* dramas, the tea ceremony. She desires to look on the bright, optimistic, prepossessing side of Japan, and is interested primarily in feeling its aesthetic and artistic spirit.

To sum up these three books, Professor Orchard's makes a very good summary and will be found helpful to the student. Miss Beard's book is not for the student, but will be found entertaining by travelers who contemplate going to Japan. Mr. Takekoshi's book is the most important and the most authoritative, but is not for the lay reader, because nobody wants to be bored. The English is perfectly correct, but is very dry. This argues that something is lacking, for history is not of necessity boring.

YOUNGHILL KANG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

A Modern History of the English People, 1880-1922. By R. H. Gretton. The Dial Press. $5.

The issuance in one volume of Mr. Gretton's three-volume history may be expected to give new life and continuing interest to a unique work whose first two parts, published in 1912 and 1914 respectively, may well have been somewhat forgotten before the third appeared. Mr. Gretton's theory of history may be gathered from his statement that while a review of English life in the forty years which he covers "is neither misleading nor frivolous if it finds the vogue of a music-hall song sometimes more significant of national temper than an imperial conference, or gives as much space, on occasion, to a sensational crime as to international relations," the songs and the crimes were nevertheless "taking place in a world changing steadily, not because of them, but because free trade and protection had come to grips again, because the great dominions were changing their status, because the Great War was looming, because the Irish Free State was in the throes of birth." He accordingly undertakes to reconcile the two points of view by dumping into his pages the contents of his notebooks and arranging them in a narrative as kaleidoscopic as the material in a daily newspaper. The result, whatever an orthodox historian may think of it, is probably fairly near the actual history of which the English people have been conscious. Some of the personal characterizations of the great or near-great are penetrating and clever. The detailed narrative really ends with 1919, the following three years being disposed of in about eleven pages.

Memoirs of Garibaldi. Edited by Alexandre Dumas. Translated with an Introduction by R. S. Garnett. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

It was as a filibuster in South American revolutions that Garibaldi got the experience that was to enable him to become the "Liberator" of Italy. The record of these adventures which he excised from his autobiography in soberer after-years was preserved in the earlier version now restored to us by Mr. Garnett's devotion. It is an astonishing record of an astonishing man, sentimental, wildly romantic, a hero not too proud to boast or to have a good cry. Dumas's editing has given it a high fever of melodrama, but the book makes exciting reading and is an important document for the history of the events of the period.

Stories of the South, Old and New. Edited by Addison Hibbard. The University of North Carolina Press. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

Here are twenty-seven stories of the South. Mr. Hibbard's aim has been not so much to provide an anthology of the best short stories by Southern writers, as to collect into one volume a group of tales written during the last one hundred years which should together touch upon every aspect of Southern life. His anthology is not of Southern writers but of the South. Consequently there are some extraordinary omissions and a few unfortunate choices. But the volume is an interesting one. Some of the stories are old favorites—O. Henry's A Municipal Report, Cable's Jean-ah Poquelin, Irvin Cobb's Words and Music. Joel Chandler Harris, Lafcadio Hearn, Thomas Nelson Page are all here. But the more recent writers are given the largest share of space—Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Lucy Furman, Paul Green, DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, Lyle Saxon, and many others. Negro writers are Benjamin Brawley, Charles C. Chestnutt, and Paul Dunbar. In the opinion of one reader, George Madden Martin and the late Pernet Patterson carry off highest honors—the first with a story which involves a lynching, and the second with a tale which should be included in all future anthologies of the best American short stories—Buttin' Blood.

The Bitter Orange Tree. By Panait Istrati. Translated by Rosalind Zoglin. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

This story of a beautiful girl who, after arousing rivalry in the youthful breasts of two Hungarians, falls into a ditch and is discovered years after by the two youths selling apples and oranges in a brothel, has some qualities to admire, among them the exuberant lyricism of the style. The improbabilities that end finally with the drowning of the beautiful girl in the Danube are less commendable. Some episodes, especially the berrying expedition, have a certain distinction independent of the main story.

Last and First Men: A Story of the Near and Far Future. By W. Olaf Stapledon. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

This is surely the most ambitious scientific romance ever projected into the future. In it the story of humanity is traced for the next two billion years. An invasion from Mars followed by a flight to Venus and, a few million years later, a final migration to Neptune are all described in their technical details. No less than eighteen races of men, each a new species evolved from its predecessor, succeed one another as civilizations rise and fall by the hundreds. Mr. Stapledon's myth is not light reading. But it is a stimulating and absorbing story written in the true spirit of a scientific age.

This Our Exile. By David Burnham. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

In spite of an irritating lumpiness in the characters, in spite of the unashamed and open imitation of Ernest Hemingway's sentences, mannerisms, and persons, in spite of the heavy talk and the smugness and the reversion to type of the author's favorites, this first novel about a rich, Catholic family that loses its faith and general purpose in life when the father dies has its good points. The mother, whose letter of interference and explanation ends the book, is a well-rounded character. There are graphic accounts of death and the despairs and griefs that attend death.

The Navajo Indians. By Mary Roberts Coolidge and Dane Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

This is another of the succession of excellent books dealing with the aboriginal Americans the appearance of which in the past year or so is of itself testimony to the liveliness of public interest in this field. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge have chosen the largest and perhaps most interesting tribe in the United States for their study, and as the study has been first-hand, as well as sustained by full survey of the records and of previous work, their volume is one of the best that has appeared. It is particularly valuable to the inquisitive public which throngs yearly through the Indian country, skirting or crossing the Navajo reservation, witnessing dances, purchasing blankets and silver—the two outstanding artistic products of the Navajo nation. The history of these arts of weaver and silversmith, both relatively recent in development, as well as the methods and meanings of the products, is made clear; but the authors have gone far beyond any mere purveying to a collector's interest and have given a fine interpretation of the whole tribal spirit and tradition. There is also an intelligent discussion of the Indian's relation to the government and to other interracial forces, and a by no means pessimistic forecast of the future of this gifted native people. The volume is illustrated with splendid reproductions of photographs taken by the authors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION . .

The epic novel of humanity under the Soviets

by New Russia's foremost novelist **BORIS PILNYAK**

★ A classic of proletarian literature that reaches through every stratum of Russian life . . . probing like a scientist the problems of Today's human beings in building Tomorrow's state. "An epic of Labor . . . a realistic allegory of man's conquest over nature." *Saturday Review of Literature* . . . All shops $2.50 COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION

THE VOLGA FALLS TO THE CASPIAN SEA

Labor Fights For Bread

Coal miners strike by thousands, march on cities demanding food; textile workers strike against pay cuts, send many hundreds to jail via picket lines; breadlines, soup kitchens, flop-houses close, yet employment sags and wage cuts grow more numerous. Not for 40 years has the question been so vital, "What will Labor do?"

But 40 years ago there was no Federated Press keeping 100 correspondents watching hot spots in U.S.A., U.S.S.R., China, Germany, Mexico, Austria, England, for labor news to be boiled down for the busy reader who wants to know of labor's struggles in a few minutes a week, in

Labor's News

The Newsmagazine of the Labor Movement

LABOR'S NEWS,
112 East 19th Street,
New York City

SIX MONTHS' TRIAL - - $1

Enclosed is $1. Send me Labor's News for 6 months on trial.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Films

Out of Their Own Mouths

Connie Bennett and Lew Cody are painting Paris pink. Lew keeps the joy joints working overtime. Connie gets tired waiting for Lew to keep a date with the preacher and leaves him flat. Joel McRea is an artist. He's painting old Mother Eve and needs a good model bad. Connie, down to her last dime, asks for the job. Covered with blushes she poses. P. S.—She gets the job. Joel works fast on the painting. And faster on Connie. Two weeks later she's fixing his breakfasts for him.

THUS begins the account of "The Common Law," the recent "smash" at the Mayfair, in a full-page advertisement in *Variety*. The advertisement is prefaced with an apologetic "'Pardon my vernacular,' said the salesman to the exhibitor." But the apology is quite unnecessary: the vernacular fits the story like a glove. I wish I had space to let the reader taste the full flavor of this exciting narrative. That thrilling scene, however, when Connie "covered with blushes" poses before the artist, deserves another quotation. As the advertisement informs us, "by the time she walks into that studio and proves that the French models have nothing on her, she owes the customers nothing. They really ought to pay another admission to see the rest of the picture."

"Sales talk," you will say. Precisely. But pictures are made to be sold, and what the salesman says out loud the producer has previously thought out in the seclusion of his office. These confidences to the trade are a valuable testimony of what Hollywood sets out to achieve in its films. Another advertisement from the same firm, listing "sales angles on 'The Common Law,'" throws further light on the nature of attractions considered essential for the success of a film. Here are some of these "sales angles": "Constance Bennett as an artist's model in gay Paree." "Her philosophy of life and love crystallized in the phrase: 'I don't care what people say, as long as you say you love me!'" "'Men called her the perfect woman' is a sales angle to interest both men and women." "Magnificent production. Exemplified by the gorgeous sequence of the 4-Arts Ball in which over 500 players take part." "Constance Bennett's reputation as the best-dressed woman on the screen, plus the gorgeous clothes designed for her in this production . . . are naturals for merchandise tie-ups, fashion shows, etc."

Poor Miss Constance Bennett. An attractive woman and a capable actress, as she demonstrated in one of her early pictures, "The Son of the Gods," she has been turned into a characterless dummy wound up every time to go through the same set of flat and maudlin emotions. But what can one do, when business demands "glorification of love" as love and glorification are understood in Hollywood?

One more example of this profound understanding may be quoted from an advertisement of another producing company: "'Morals for Women.' A startling insight into the code of a kept woman. A provocative theme to excite the curiosity of the movie-going public."

I am sorry to say that there is quite a quantity of such hokum, though of the Russian variety, in that otherwise superior picture, "A Jew at War" (Cameo). Its war scenes and its portrayal of life in a small Jewish town are impressive, if somewhat sketchy. The German picture "The Immortal Vagabond" (Warner's), with a skillfully grafted English dialogue, also deserves attention for its acting, Tyrolese background, and sensitive direction.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Youth at the Gateway of India

By J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

Bombay, July 1

LORD IRWIN was leaving the shores of India. The guns boomed across the lovely harbor. Troops, massed in thousands, princes, and half the dignitaries of India watched the little launch that was taking the great ex-Viceroy from the Gateway of India into mid-stream, where the S. S. Viceroy of India awaited him. The Viceroy's last words before stepping into the launch—"in all your thinking, in all your speaking, and in all your doing, may God be with you"—still ring in the ear. From another Viceroy those words would have spelled hypocrisy; and there is nothing to match the hypocrisy of English public men: conceive, if you can, of a British prime minister who is too audacious in thought and action to be invited to address the annual conference of free churches.

And those words, sincere though I believed them to be, did not convince everyone. For, just as there is an old India and a new India, so there is an old Anglo-India and a new Anglo-India. The old Anglo-India has been described and condemned in the American press a thousand times. Its snobbery and middle-class flunkeydom, its sadistic persecution of men whose only crime is their youth—these features are known to the American public. They are known also to India, which explains half the present conflict. Pandit Motilal Nehru was only one of thousands of Indians who, personally resenting the arrogance of Englishmen, joined with the Nationalists.

Old Anglo-India is not yet dead. A generation of Englishmen who arrived in India before the war avoided the call of active service and made staggering fortunes, while more patriotic and often far abler men risked their life for "a bob a day." Now most of them, after ten years of lavish and very tedious entertaining in the land they professed to love, have lost their money in the slump; and, of course, they are bitter. They look upon the advocacy of Indian reform almost as a betrayal.

And they do not like the young men. There is a new generation, and it has new ideals. It looked upon Lord Irwin—the Lord Irwin who stood behind the frigid Indian Civil Service he could not completely dominate—as its leader. "The trouble with Lord Irwin," said a prominent representative of the older generation in Bombay, "is that he thinks a Christian can govern India." He little guessed how his remark angered his younger listeners, some of whom happened to be agnostics.

There is a change in the dynasty of ideals. It is easier for the young than for the old to recognize new ideals. The old wish the *ancien régime* to continue. It is more comfortable and, for the European, more privileged and select. But the younger men have entirely different views. To begin with, many of them are better educated. After the war Englishmen realized that America did the right thing in encouraging her best type of citizen to enter business. It is now so normal for a public-school man fresh from Oxford to enter business that it passes without comment. But before the war it was not a common feature of English life. And the pre-war business man in India meets a younger assistant who, while thoroughly efficient in his work, is yet prepared to bring a trained mind to bear upon the political problems of India. And since he is better educated, since he is something of a post-war Socialist, he is also less desirous of show, privilege, and rank. And by his character they judged Lord Irwin as Viceroy.

Before Lord Irwin left, more than one hundred Europeans in Bombay—all of them under the age of thirty-five—decided to send a letter to him thanking him for what he had done. They knew that conditions would change fundamentally. The old generation that speaks so barrenly and pontifically through the European Association would soon be gone. The younger men—such as the men who sent their letter to Lord Irwin—would remain. Englishmen would no longer be the governing class. They would become, instead, a group of foreigners. Yet the signatories to the letter to Lord Irwin maintained that the Viceroy had done the right thing. They declared that "the burden which your patient statecraft places upon our shoulders is one which no adventurous Englishman would wish to cast down. Whatever seeming loss there may be in privilege and prestige, there is no loss whatever in the opportunities of individual service and personal influence."

There was another and even more imposing ceremony at the Gateway of India when the "great of the land" greeted the incoming Viceroy and Lady Willingdon. The Willingdons knew their part. The Viceroy-elect "looked every inch a soldier." Lady Willingdon was delighted. Want of courage, I am told, prevented a distinguished journalist from cabling: "The Countess of Willingdon gave herself a hearty welcome." Socially, indeed, the return of the Willingdons was an event. There will be many brilliant functions; and—unless the democratic habits of Canada go with the Willingdons to Delhi and Simla—the flunkeydom of Anglo-India will assert itself once more. One of the well-known ladies of Bombay, overjoyed by the news of Lord Willingdon's appointment, declared: "So kind and sympathetic—so different from the Irwins."

And that, unfortunately, is true. The Willingdons *are* essentially different from the Irwins. Lord Irwin looked out of place at the Gateway of India because he has no sympathy with show and ceremony. He likes to work without ostentation. This demand for an ostentatious viceroyalty handicaps the British Government every time it has to look for a new viceroy. It is an open secret that Lord Willingdon was by no means Ramsay MacDonald's first choice. He chose Lord Gorell, and a very high influence prevented the appointment. He chose Lord Thomson, and Lord Thomson perished with the R-101. He chose Lord Sankey—the Lord Chancellor who did so much to bring the Round Table Conference to a successful conclusion—and Lord Sankey refused because he could not have endured the social functions of the viceregal office. Sometimes great

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ability and love of show go together; Lord Curzon was a great viceroy and a great showman. But this combination is rare, and the young men in India view the return of a showman-viceroy with profound misgiving. Their only hope is that Lord Willingdon, showman though he is, will realize that the days of show in India are over. Modern India wants no show. She has heard of the working of democratic America and pseudo-socialistic England. She has seen a Mahatma win the loyalty of the masses not by a regal show of power, but by the apostolic simplicity of his mission and daily life. Briefly, she believes that show exists not for the benefit of Indians, but for the satisfaction of middle-class Europeans who are never likely to be received in London society and so resolve to make the best of the opportunities which, hitherto, the helplessness of Indian opinion has provided for them.

The test of the Englishman's authority in India—old and new—is not show, but character. Lord Irwin, who reduced public ceremony to a minimum, left behind him the record of great character, and that is why his departure marked something more than a change of viceroys. It brought to the young men of the new Anglo-India a loss of leadership which they will hardly know how to replace. Perhaps American journalists are still sending to New York, Chicago, and Boston their views of the flunkeydom of Anglo-India. They are views which I share fully. But they have misread the signs of the times if they cannot detect the revolt of the young Englishman and his demand for a more intelligent, more sympathetic, and more self-sacrificing European leadership.

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is national corresondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is the author of a life of Rembrandt, "R. V. R."

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, is the author of "Roads to Social Peace" and "World Drift."

EVAN SHIPMAN is a young poet who has contributed to *transition, Scribner's,* and other periodicals.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Bitter Bierce."

RAY C. B. BROWN was for many years managing editor of *Musical America.*

FRED T. MARSH writes occasional book reviews for *The Nation.*

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

LOUIS STANLEY is associate editor of the *New Leader.*

YOUNGHILL KANG, a Korean student of the literature and philosophy of the Orient, and a member of the department of English of New York University, has written the story of his life in "Under the Grass Roof."

J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON is on the staff of the *Times of India.*

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

BEACON HILL SCHOOL,
Harting, Petersfield, England
Bertrand and Dora Russell. Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology. Vacancies this autumn for children from 2 up to and including 11 years. Address enquiries Principal.

EDGEWOOD
A Boarding and Day School for Boys and Girls. From Kindergarten to College. Separate dormitory Building for the older boys. Twenty-acre campus, athletic field, skating, skiing, and all sports. Riding school near. Teachers' Training Class.
Illustrated catalogue describes activities and progressive aims.
E. E. LANGLEY, Principal
202 Rock Ridge, Greenwich, Conn.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN GERMAN RUSSIAN
Conversational method. Native teachers Private lessons. 75c short courses 9 to 9 daily. 22nd year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH SPANISH - ITALIAN - GERMAN
Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9.) Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

First Rochdale Cooperative House—Manhattan
Safe investment—rent actual cost
Seven years' successful operation. 3 rooms, kitchen, bath, fireplace, cross ventilation. Christopher St. Station, 7th Ave. Subway.
Tel. Walker 5-7394 64 Barrow St.
Apartments can be seen any day after 1 P. M.

□ APTS. FOR RENT □

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS

65th STREET, 7 and 9 WEST—*"Just Off Central Park West."* Attractive, light apartments in an accessible location near Central Park. 1 ROOM and Private Bath from $45 monthly (some with wood-burning fireplaces); 2 ROOMS with Private Bath and Kitchenette from $65. Also 4 ROOMS at $100. Woodburning fireplace. Apply Mr. Worthington, 7 West 65th Street, N. Y. C.

RIVERDALE
2½ and 5 room apartments. Beautiful park surroundings. Excellent values. Elevator. Refrigeration. 3900 Spuyten Duyvil Parkway or phone Wickersham 2-6200.

FOR RENT—One room, bath, studio apartments in charming quiet well-kept house near Sheridan Sq.—large garden, fountain, trees; electrical cooking, fireplaces, cupboards—$45-$50. Some with electrolux $57. 74 Charles St. Watkins 9-6222.

REAL ESTATE FOR RENT

FOR RENT—a 56 acre estate; one 8 room house; all improvements; one 5 room bungalow; all improvements; garage, magnificent views; suitable for two families; reasonable rent. Arnold Krimont, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. Tel. Croton 777.

FOR SALE

LEAVING for Soviet Union. Sell completely furnished 2 room bath, kitchenette, apartment. Linen, silverware, radio, phonograph, records. Books optional. Rent $50. Southern exposure. Living room 28 x 34. Tel. End 2-6942 before 10 A.M. or write Deutsch, 214 W. 72nd St.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

CULTURED American Jewess, 30, enjoying golf, music, books, would establish apartment with congenial young woman, having same interests. Has complete furnishings; piano; radio; library. Choice of locations. Box 476, c/o *The Nation.*

□ APTS. FOR RENT □

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

44th STREET, 141 EAST—"The Woolsey." Housekeeping apartments in a modern elevator building convenient to business, shopping and amusement districts. Attractive layouts. Compact Kitchenettes with Electrolux refrigerators. 24 hour switchboard service. 1 ROOM from $70. 2 ROOMS from $80. Furnished if desired at slight additional charge. SPECIAL SUMMER RATES ON APPLICATION. See Mr. Bayly.

109th STREET, 309 WEST—"The Edgerton." *A step from Riverside Drive.* Housekeeping apartments. Half block from Broadway. 5th Avenue bus and subway 1 block away. Convenient to Columbia University. Very desirable apartments. Complete kitchenettes with mechanical refrigerators. 1 ROOM from $65. 2 ROOMS from $75. Furnished if desired at slight additional charge. SPECIAL SUMMER RATES ON APPLICATION. See Mr. Lewis.

45th STREET, 325 WEST—"The Whitby." A modern elevator building, conveniently located just off Times Square. Housekeeping apartments with full hotel service available. 1 ROOM, Kitchenette from $70. 2 ROOMS, Kitchenette from $80. 3 ROOMS, Kitchen from $90. 4 ROOMS, Kitchen from $135. All apartments have mechanical refrigeration. SPECIAL SUMMER RATES. For example:—1 ROOM tastefully furnished, kitchenette and private bath, mechanical refrigeration—from $22. weekly with full hotel service! See Mr. Funk.

ROOMS

WILL rent part of delightful apartment, Washington Sq. Section. An exceptionally large room and alcove. Furnished in massive walnut. References exchanged. Call Tompkins Sq. 6-6893, for appointment, any evening.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED